

THE
Loyal Brother
OR THE
PERSIAN
PRINCE.

A
T R A G E D Y

As it is Acted at the *THEATRE ROYAL*
by their Majesties Servants.

By *Thomas Southern.*

I, fuge; sed poteras tutior esse Domi. Mart.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *William Cademan* at the *Popes Head*
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TO HIS
G R A C E
The DUKE of
RICHMOND, &c.

Master of the Horse to His MAJESTY, and
Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter.

S I R,

WHEN things of this nature are presented to Persons of your high Rank, and Quality; flattery is always suppos'd the Trade-wind, that carries the Author quite through the Dedication. But my design is wholly to offer to your Grace the first fruits of my Muse, that (when pleasure lives, and serious thoughts come on) I may excuse my folly, by laying my Maiden-head at your Door. Nor durst I have attempted thus far into the World, had not the Laureats own Pen secur'd me, maintaining the out-works, while I lay safe intrencht within his Lines; and malice, ill nature, and censure were forc'd to grinn at a distance. If I have not

The Epistle Dedicatory.

perform'd my part in this Piece; the excuse of a young beginner will pass with the reasonable part of mankind: but when I look upon your Lordship, and joyn your Princely Birth, to the early promises of manly Vertue, which you daily give us (if you communicate an influencing beam on me) (as you must shine on all) I dare, without the gift of Prophecie, venture to say, the inspiration may refine my thoughts, to some more worthy offering. Cou'd my vanity carry me to the hopes of succeeding in things of this kind; I am confident my surest way wou'd be, to draw my Characters from you, in whom the fairest Images of nature are shewn in little: Your Royal Fathers Greatness, Majestick Awfulness, Wit and Goodness, are promis'd all in you: Your Mothers conquering Beauty triumphs agen in you: Nature has blest you with a Royal Parentage, and Fortune been just to you, in a Princely Education: And nothing is wanting now to Crown our hopes, but time, to make you in England what Titus was in Rome, the Delight of mankind; which that you may prove, shall ever be the Constant wish of

SIR,

Your Graces most humbly
devoted Servant.

Thomas Southern.

THE PROLOGUE.

POets, like Lawful Monarchs, rul'd the Stage,
 Till Criticks, like Damn'd Whiggs, debauch'd our Age.
 Mark how they jump : Criticks wou'd regulate
 Our Theatres, and Whiggs reform our State :
 Both pretend love, and both (Plague rot 'em) hate.
 The Critick humbly seems Advice to bring,
 The fawning Whigg Petitions to the King :
 But ones advice into a Satyr slides ;
 To others Petition a Remonstrance hides.
 These will no Taxes give, and those no Pence :
 Criticks wou'd starve the Poet, Whiggs the Prince.
 The Critick all our troops of friends discards ;
 Just so the Whigg wou'd fain pull down the Guards.
 Guards are illegal, that drive foes away,
 As watchful Shepherds, that fright beasts of prey.
 Kings, who Disband such needless Aids as these,
 Are safe — as long as e're their Subjects please.
 And that wou'd be till next Queen Besses night :
 Which thus, grave penny Chroniclers indite.
 Sir Edmond-berry first, in woful wise,
 Leads up the show, and Milks their Maudlin eyes.
 There's not a Butcher's Wife but Dribs her part,
 And pities the poor Pageant from her heart ;
 Who, to provoke revenge, rides round the fire,
 And, with a civil congee, does retire.
 But guiltless blood to ground must never fall :

There's

*There's Antichrist behind, to pay for all.
 The Punk of Babylon in Pomp appears,
 A lewd Old Gentleman of seventy years.
 Whose Age in vain our Mercy wou'd implore ;
 For few take pity on an Old-cast Whore.
 The Devil, who brought him to the shame, takes part;
 Sits cheek by jowl, in black, to cheer his heart :
 Like Thief and Parson in a Tiburn-Cart.
 The word is giv'n ; and with a loud Huzzaw
 They Miter'd Moppet from his Chair they draw :
 On the slain Corps contending Nations fall :
 Alas, what's one poor Pope among 'em all !
 He burns ; now all true hearts your Triumphs ring :
 And next (for fashion) cry, God save the King.
 A needful Cry in midst of such Alarms :
 When Forty thousand Men are up in Arms.
 But after he's once sav'd, to make amends,
 In each succeeding Health they Damn his Friends :
 so God begins, but still the Devil ends.
 What if some one inspir'd with Zeal, shou'd call,
 Come let's go cry, God save him at White-hall ?
 His best friends wou'd not like this over-care :
 Or think him e're the safer for that pray'r.
 Five praying Saints are by an Act allow'd :
 But not the whole Church-Militant, in crowd.
 Yet, should heav'n all the true Petitions drain
 Of Presbyterians, who wou'd Kings maintain ;
 Of Forty thousand, five wou'd scarce remain.*

PERSONS REPRESENTED,

S*eliman*, the *Sophy* of *Persia*.
Tachmas his Brother.
Ismael, a Villanous favourite.
Arbanes, a disaffected General.
Osman, a Captain to *Tachmas*.
 Several Officers.
 Citizens, and their Wives.
 Eunuchs, and Guards.

Mr. Goodman
Mr. Clark
Major Moon
Mr. Griffin
Mr. Saunders

WOMEN.

Begona, Mother to *Seliman*, and *Tachmas*.
Semantbe, belov'd and in Love with *Tachmas*.
Sunamire, Sister to *Arbanes*.

Mrs. Cory
Mrs. Cook
Mrs. Guin

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ACT I. SCENE I. *A Chamber of State.*

Seliman, Ismael, Arbanes, Guards, Attendants.

Selim. **M**Y Lords, our Letters from our Brother shew
The Enemy encamp't on *Gebun* Banks;
Headed by that brave Tartar, that so long
Has kept us warm for glory in the field:
Their Number's fifty thousand, ours but twenty,
To poise their fate, or turn the Scale of War.

O glorious odds! and by our Prophets Soul,
Worthy imperial Gamesters, worthy us,
And the renown of this immortal Throne.

Isma. Long have these tempests threatn'd from the North,
To overturn the fate of *Persia*,
And shrowd her glories in eternal night:
But say, my Lords, What has their fury done?

Arban. Like Clouds, it vanish'd at our rising Sun,
To the renown of royal *Seliman*:
Let some report their Conquests to the World:
They Provinces subdued, but under ground,
And-peopled Graves: They triumph'd too, but how?

The Loyal Brother, Or,

In death they triumph'd, for they fell by you.

Selim. There spoke the Voice of War!

Yes, we have conquer'd 'em and shall agen,
Since *Tachmas* leads our Armies to the field.

Thrice they the *Gebun* pass, as oft thou know'st,

Khepmus felt the wounds of Tartars Swords.

Where was I then *Arbanes*? stood I Idle?

For thou wert my Lieutenant in the War,

Saw'st all my actions, therefore best canst speak 'em.

Arban. The Grecian eloquence can never paint
Your Victories; (to mention but the first)

How then shall I? but my reflecting Soul

Shows the past Scene of Glory to my view,

And I can speak a Truth.

Selim. You Gods! a Truth?

I think my actions do disdain a lie

To speak 'em brave.

Arban. Dread Sir, you wrong my meaning.

Selim. I am calm, proceed.

Arban. A barbarous people, of a rougher clime,

Inva'de our Frontiers, burn our Villages,

Unyoke our labouring Oxen from the Plow,

Our Flocks destroy, and after them our Hinds:

The fatal news enters our City Gates,

And *Ispahan* appears one face of sorrow!

The Virgins shriek, the Matrons fear prevents

The stroke of war; old Bed-rid Age laments

Its many Winters, or does wish 'em more,

To have more strength to fight, or less, to dye.

But then you rose, and Fortune could no more:

War is proclaim'd, and you the General!

Then to have heard your drooping Subjects shout

To arms, to arms, all to the famous fields,

The Sophy leads us on, and all must follow;

By the bright Sun was wonderful indeed,

Our Virgins, who before stood dumb as death,

Now sing us on our way: The very Boys

Act Victory at home: And coward Priests

In Mosques with prayer battle with the Gods.

But when we joyn'd the Foe,

Selim. Ay then *Arbanes*!

Fierce as a Winter Storm upon the Main,

I rang'd the Field; whilst my affrighted Foes,

Like Billows at the angry *Neptunes* frown,

Succes-

Successively did vanish from my sight.
Did I not pour upon their foremost ranks,
Sudden and fierce as lightning, rush among
Their thickest Squadrons, and in glorious heat
(Like Thunder breaking from a teeming Cloud)
Make desolation wait upon my arms ?

Isma. How vanity distorts him ! [to Arbanes.

Selim. With my drawn Sword I pointed out the paths
Of dazzling fame, which none but I could tread ;
Mounting that stately Pyramid alone,
Whilst all my Army lag'd, and you below
Trembled, like Girls, to behold my daring.

Isma. Now to fire him.

Selim. Nay more ; when my too eager courage bore me
Amidst a band of bold Tartarian horle ;
No guard, but death, that hung upon my Sword
To make it fatal ; say, who brought me off ?
By *Mars* the single virtue of this Arm
Dispers'd their Troops, and sent 'em from the Field.

Isma. So, he beat them all himself.

Arban. Great Sir, your Royal Brother claims a share
In that renowned day.

Selim. *Arbanes* ! ha !

Arban. But all his glorious actions are your own ;
Since you like fountains, from the same Fountain run.

Selim. I cannot talk of Fields, of War, or Arms,
Mention a Siege, or Battle, that I won ;
But I am thought to Boast : I know your Idol ;
You plant my Lawrel wreaths on *Tachmas* brow.
And woud my Crown : By Heaven I know your hearts.

Arban. *Alba* forbid that you should think us Traytors.

Isma. He's strangely thoughtful.

Arban. O it stings his Soul.

Selim. *Ismael* thou art honest : dost thou think the Prince—

Isma. What of the Prince, my Lord ?

Selim. Why nothing now :

'Twas but an Idle thought, and I dismiss it.

Isma. Your Royal Mother, with the fair *Semantbe*
Intend this way

Selim. Then comes the brightest Star, the chastest glory,
That ever waited on *Diana's* pride ;
Light without heat, and youth without desire.
Oh *Ismael* ! What courage can resist
The raging torments of a hopeless love ?

The Loyal Brother Or,

'Tis that in spight of all my Victories,
My past renown, or Soldiers hardiness,
That drives me, like a Coward, to the ground,
Breathless, and pale before that scornful beauty.

Isma. It goes as I would have it. [aside]

Selim. Still as I woo'd, when at her feet I lay;
Begging the bounty of a Look to bless me:
Hadst thou but seen with what a modest pride,
A Virgin innocence, and chaste reserv'dness,
She took the humble offering of my love:
How still in all the windings of my Passion,
Through the high-Tide of vows, and strong temptations,
She kept an equal mind, by Heaven I think,
Hadst thou then seen the temperate Virgin stand,
Cold to my flame, as Marble to the Sun,
(Not flush'd, and haughty with her Conquest made,
As other vainer of her Sex would be)
Thou woud'st have lov'd her rigid vertue too.

Isma. Take warmer Beauties to your breast, whose heat
May melt that frozen image of a love.

Selim. O thou mistak'st, nothing can drive her hence:
Her rigorous beauty binds me for her Slave,
Freezes the wandering current of my love,
Which did she smile, woud loosely glide along
Into the boundless Ocean of her Sex.
Were she like other Women to be mov'd,
Coming, and forward to believe our Vows,
To drink our Tears, and melt within our Arms:
Then I should slight the easie conquer'd prey:
But of such different tempers we are fram'd,
There's such a contrariety between us,
Like fighting qualities, each gathers force,
And as she freezes, I consume, and burn
With fiercer violence of raging love.

Isma. My Lord, she enters.

Enter Begona, Semanthe attended.

Selim. Hail beauteous Maid! thou leading light of Heaven!
So near the Sun you shine, so bright your lustre:
We justly may mistake you for the morn,
And pay our earlier devotion here.

Seman. The Pomp and entertainments of the day
Speak some high Festival: Perhaps your birth

Has claim'd this Sun a sacrifice to jollity.
While you the royal Lord,
Conclude in lavishly bestowing praises.

Selim. Take 'em as th' offering of excessive love;
The meaning of my soul.

Sem. As they are meant,
The effect of gallantry, I take 'em all.

Selim. O! how *Semantbe*? how shall I convince thee?
What shall I say, or how shall I protest,
To conquer thy belief?

Couldst thou discern the workings of my soul,
Pass through this bosom to my throbbing heart;
O! there thou wouldst behold thy heavenly form
Deep writ, and never be to raz'd away.

Why dost thou take the beauties from my Eyes?
Like the Sun's flower, my foulded glories fade
Perish, and die, unless thou shine upon me.

Ha! weeping too! what has my passion done?

O Mother! beg her, on your knees implore;

Entreat her for your poor offending Son;

Tell her I kneel, but dare not ask for pardon,
Lest ev'n then my words should give offence.

Bego. O rise my royal Lord! Some secret grief
Bedews her cheeks, which I cou'd never learn,
Altho' I often press'd her to discover.

Enter an Eunuch.

Eun. An Officer begs admittance from the Prince.

Selim. Conduct him in.

Sem. Did he not name the Prince? my heart confirms it:
For I have lost the weight of my afflictions,
And am within a little World of joy.

Isma. Methinks a suddain pleasure overcomes
Your Mistress's sorrows.

Selim. Ha!

Isma. Was there ought, in what
The Eunuch said, to work so quick a change?

Selim. Nothing to her--- but why that question?

Isma. Only a foolish doubt,--- but I am satisfied.

Selim. The manner of thy speech says not.

Isma. Alas! Age in a minute raises scruples,
That years can't solve; and this perhaps is one.
But since you tell me she was not concern'd

The Loyal Brother, Or,

In what the *Eunuch* said, I'll give it o're.

Isma. He said, an Officer begs admittance from the Prince.

Selim. He did my Lord: and as he nam'd the Prince,
A sudden joy, like light'ning, dried her tears,
And not a Cloud was seen in that bright Heaven.

Selim. Ha! *Ismael!* thy words have stun'd me more,
Then the united force of heaven cou'd do.

I fear thy friendship has been fatal to me,

With an officious eye discovering,

What, for my peace, had better been conceal'd.

Enter Osman.

Osman. Let *Persia* flourish, and its royal Lord;
Be ever Master of the Asian World:

And when fame calls your Armies to the field,

May *Tachmas* lead 'em out, and still return

As now, triumphant home,

In all the glories of a famous War.

Selim. Say, have we conquer'd then? Relate the means
How such prodigious odds were overthrown.

Osman. Our Armies lay in view; *Gebun* between

Gently, as peace, in silver currents stream'd,

Offering her store to quench the flame of War;

But all in vain: Shouts, Trumpets, drums,

In dreadful eccho's, bid the battles join:

We on our guard, and they expecting when

To pour a purple deluge on our plain.

Selim. How my heart beats with fear!

Osman. This was our posture; when one solemn morn
Riot began in the proud Tartars Tents,

Nor ended with the Sun, for half the night

Was given to sporting, luxury, and wine:

Which, when the Prince perceiv'd; silent, as sleep

Stole on their reeling senses; forth he drew

His Army, and at their head he cried,

If glory be your aim, now follow me:

Then leap'd into the stream,

And, like a Sea God mounted on a Wave;

Dash'd the strong tide, and lead a floating War:

Which, when their out guards found, alarm'd the Camp;

But their confusion in a thousand shapes,

Befriended us; like *Cadmus* brood, they fell

By each others Swords, and made our conquest easie.

Selim.

Once I was great; my hopes as flourishing,
 As now declin'd; my fate erected high
 As victory could raise it; till the Prince,
 That boy, my Scholar in the trade of Arms,
 By treachery despoil'd me of those plumes,
 My valour purchas'd with an Age of War.

Isma. Why did you bear it?

Arb. Dost thou not know the fate of Souldiers?

Wee'r but ambitious tools, to cut a way
 To her unlawful ends; and when wee'r worn,
 Hack'd, hewn with constant service, thrown aside
 To rust in peace; or rot in Hospitals.
 But tell me, *Ismael!* nay feel these limbs,
 These arms, are they past wielding of a Sword?
 By heaven I think not: or has my good old friend
 Forgot its killing virtue? or has rust
 Bound up its fury? neither; see, it comes,
 And feels as keen, and looks as bright, and gay
 As the young Warriors, when he first appears
 In polish'd steel, and marching to the field.
 Then why am I lain by? why am I not
 A general still?

[*drawes.*

Isma. Ay, there's a question will admit debating.

Arb. And not to be decided, till this sword
 Appears in blood agen: O *Ismael!*

Thou kind regarder of my fame, I swear,
 Were not thy stricter vertue to inspire
 A generous heat of action in my soul,
 I think 'twou'd settle almost to dishonour.
 Alas! I was a conscientious fool,
 And durst not think of vengeance: all my wrongs
 Quite blotted from my memory, and lost;
 But now they live again, and by my sword
 Shall be reveng'd at full.

Isma. Be calm, and hear me.

Arb. Calm! *Ismael!* sure thou mock'st my patience:
 Why I'm a Pidgeon hearted slave, a thing
 So overgrown with that poor sneaking vertue,
 I almost doubt my courage.

Isma. *Arbanes!* know I look upon the Prince,
 As a black Cloud, that rises on my glory;
 I know it, and I hate him more then thou,
 Tho' with less noise, I have no Army lost,
 No titles of the War: 'twas not my province:

The Persian Prince.

9

The Court has been my Sphear,
Where, with the musick of my tongue in counsel
I've charm'd opinion after me; been thought
The voice of fate, and e're my words cou'd mount,
The *Sophy's* ear has stoopt to entertain 'em;
Where I have revel'd long, and whence I fear
No banishment, unless outed by the Prince:
His merit flows fast as the *Sophy's* love,
Which if I aim not wide, like meeting tides,
May dash my fate, and sink my pride for ever.
Thus tho' from different lines our wrongs proceed,
They center in revenge.

Arb. I'll stab him in his triumph.

Isma. The policy of Soldiers! here is one
Can't purchase a revenge, without being hang'd.
A Statesman wou'd have found a thousand ways.
But see, we are disturb'd.

Enter Sunamire.

Arb. My Sister *Sunamire* alone, and thoughtful!

Isma. I know her haughty spirit
Repents an injury above her sex;
And has all the contrivance of a woman,
In working of a revenge: wou'd she was ours.

Arb. A plot without a Priest, or woman in't,
Had been a prodigy.

Isma. Let us withdraw, I wou'd unseen observe her.

Sun. *Tachmas* to morrow to return, and therefore
Through *Ispahan* a general joy: goes it not there!
O tortures! furies! hell! ay, that's the cause:
No, *Sunamire* must curse his crowding triumphs:
And when he comes, my wishes be his welcome:
But if I must behold him; may these Eies,
These Eies that wanted fire to warm his heart,
Flash fierce as Basilisks, and dart him dead.

Isma. Yet nigher---

[*To Arbaces.*

Sun. Not that my fondness does exceed the bounds
Of a Court Lady; no, I can except
Whate're a score of fond protesting things,
In all their height of gallantry can say,
And the next minute part with 'em for ever,
If that were all: but to be scorn'd! that that's
The hell of hells, the plague of woman-kind!

C

Isma.

Isma. *Arbanes!* said she not scorn'd?

Arb. She did.

Sun. Had I been born of vulgar parentage,
Then unobserv'd I might retire, and in
Some corner melt my sorrows into tears:
But here at Court,

Where each apartment is a Theatre,
And all the World observers of our follies,
For me to whine a tedious Scene of love,
Is beyond patience: let my fancy work--

Isma. O now she's on the rack!

Sun. Ay, now the presence fills, I see the Prince
In the bright circle, like a charmer stand,
With all the beauties of the East around him:
I hear his melting language, hear his Court,
His soft Addresses, and his sighing Love;
Whilst my false senses, flattering my despair,
Whisper through every Mansion of my soul,
To *Sunamire* they'r meant, they'r meant to me:
Then, then I can no longer bear the thought;
My eager joy works outward on my cheeks,
And every Eye observes my wild concern:
At which the Ladies laugh, and I too late
The cause perceiving, blushing fly the room,
To mourn my past disgrace-- My brother here!

Arb. Sister I've heard your story, and am glad
That your revenge points at the man I hate.

Isma. Long have I waited time, and now it comes,
The Golden minute comes, that offers us
A safe revenge, but mounted on the wing:
Say *Sunamire*, *Arbanes*, shall it pass
Unheeded like the common births of time?

Sun. Why is it made a question? you are wrong'd;
Else why revenge? If so, why trifle you
The hours in talk? but coward man wou'd cool,
Did not the shame, or publick tongue provoke him,
More than the sense of honour, to revenge.

Isma. O! you have rais'd a dire, provoking thought;
Wou'd make a timorous Anchorite fearless,
Run to the fatal steel, and stab his Prince:

Arbanes! now he dies, a thousand wrongs

Cry in the voice of Murder, for revenge:

Thine, mine----

Arb. But what more sensibly does touch me,

Is his proud Scorn of thee.

Sun. Brother, that word

Wou'd paint shame for ever on my brow:

But my fir'd spirit mounts; and if I blush agen,

Think it the scarlet trapping of my rage.

Arb. 'Twas like my sister spoke.

Isma. You know the *Sophy's* of a nature hot,

Vain, and ambitious; yet withal most pliant,

And easie for the flatterer to mould

To any form; so Jealous of his glory,

That when you but oppos'd the Princes merit,

Ambition broke through all the bonds of love,

And shot his fiery soul out of his Eies.

Arb. I mark'd, and hop'd for wonders from his passion:

But Hell! too soon he cool'd.

Isma. And things that soonest cool, are soonest heated.

'Tis not a suddain overflowing passion,

But a just tide of rage, in ebbs, and flowes,

Must perfect a revenge: and tho his vertues

A while suppress his fears, yet they will rise,

Engendring doubts, distrusts, and jealousies,

Which of themselves will ne're be conjur'd down,

But with the fall of him, who first begot 'em.

We must foment his passion for *Semanthe*,

Since that conduces most to our design.

Sun. How that my Lord?

Isma. With my continual praises of her beauty,

I've blown his fame to such a raging height,

That now he'd brook a partner in his throne,

Rather than in her heart.

Sun. Alas! unrival'd he may keep that seat:

And if the beauties of the *Persian* Crown,

Did not attract beyond *Semanthe's* charms,

Sure ev'n in that he might unenvi'd be.

Isma. *Tachmas* thinks otherwise.

Sun. Ha! nam'd you *Tachmas*?

Isma. Madam, I did the Prince.

Sun. 'Tis false;

Or if you did, yet falser, if you say

He casts one thought away upon *Semanthe*.

Isma. Madam, let this speak for me; 'tis his hand,

And to *Semanthe* written.

[Gives her a Letter.]

Sun. The burning Fever rages in my veins;

But hold my heart, restrain the fury in,

The Loyal Brother Or,

Which heaves me, like the fighting winds for vent.
One question more, and like the stormy God,
Ple let you loose, to act it as you please,
To shake me into Atoms, tear my brain,
With a distraction that becomes revenge.

Arb. She raves already.

Sun. My Lord! how came this Letter to your hands?

Isma. The Princees goodness wisely chose my Age,
To be his confident in these amours;
And knowing me unfit for fiercer joys,
Thinks I still love the sport, and therefore makes me
The go-between, the pander to their loves.
And I think I have so much of my office right,
To hasten on their ruines. True, I make bold
To taste their letters to 'em, as they pass
Through my employment (for to me they'r all
Enclos'd) what serve my ends, I keep, the rest
I am most faithful in delivering.

Sun. Still he goes on, and every sound more soft,
Tender, and melting than the former: hell!
And to *Servant* be all! O I cou'd tear
My self, them, you, and all the world, like this
Dumb piece of love; loose him to her! to her!
A poor, young, actless, indigested thing,
Whose utmost pride can only boast of youth,
And innocence; whose Stature speaks her mind,
And what fate meant her, a Plebeian Wife;
Whilst my erected head was rais'd to give
A fuller Majesty to Crowns; my years
(Rich with the Summer bloom of riper joys)
Design'd fit offerings to the God of love:
But now no more:

Since I am scorn'd, my nobler thoughts aspire
To glorious actions, worthy female 'ire:
Revenge, and death, and blood 'my working fancy fire,

[Exit.

Isma. *Arbanes* after her; cool her if thou canst,
Or storm her into calmness.

[Exit, *Arbanes*.

Enter *Ismael Solus*.

Isma. Virtue avault! to villages begone:
But haant the luxury of Courts no more;
Much less aspiring Statesmens nobler thoughts,
Ambition is our Idol, on whose wings

Great

Great minds are carried only to extreams;
To be sublimely great, or to be nothing :
And he who aims his actions at this mark,
Must rush with Manly resolution on,
Stopping at nothing when he has begun ;
Still pass the shortest way, altho' untrod,
Not loyter in the beaten, honest road :
But let our Masters watch the heights we soar :
A States-mans Loyalty is growing power,
And we but watch occasion to devour.

[*Exit.*

ACT. II. SCENE I.

*Tachma's Triumph usber'd in by Drums, and Trumpets; and
answer'd by Flutes, Hoe-boys, and voices from the other
side of the Stage : Seliman meets Tachmas with a full
Court.*

Selim. **W**elcome thou worthy partner of my fame !
From the rich Harvest of thy glorious toyl,
Welcome my General, my Friend, and Brother!
Why art thou backward in thy part of Friendship?
Rise to my breast, for my impatient heart
Awaits thee there; my Arms thus fold thee in,
Thus press thee to my Soul, where thou wilt meet
A thousand Welcomes more than words can give thee.

Tach. O my Imperial Lord! my Godlike Master!
How has your Servant merited this Grace?
Permit me prostrate on the Earth to fall,
And pay my Adoration to this goodness.

Selim. I Swear it must not be. Brother, I read
A longing in our gracious Mothers eye ;
She claims your knee, and duty.

*{ Tachmas kneels
to Begona.*

Arb. Why all your projects are aground already ;
The *Sophy* doats upon the Prince.

Ifma. Be patient :
His kindness is as short liv'd, as his anger.

Bego. Thou second blessing, which the Gods enrich'd
My fruitful youth with, comfort of my age,
Our lives preserver, welcome from the War

Welcome to me, and *Ispahan*.

Tach. Is there a Joy in Victory beyond
My Mothers safety? protecting her, you Gods!
Has overpaid the little I have done;
My hours of blood, and I am still your debtor.

Bego. Now I could bless these powers, that lengthned out
My date of life, to this most happy day;
Once more to view the ancient Persian glory
Shine out in these, my Sons; once to behold
The face of things serene, and fair again;
The fruits of peace brooding through all the Land,
And plenty smiling upon ev'ry brow:
This as the Mother of my Country, but
The Spirit of my joy's reserv'd for you,
My Sons; or let me call you by a nearer name;
My self; thus to behold you meet in friendship;
To have my blood, altho' in different veins,
Flow in one stream of love; and whats yet more,
Tho' Empire stands between, like a huge rock,
To break the current, and divide you ever.
O! let it be my glory now, my Sons!
To seal the bands of friendship, you have tied,
To bless you thus, thus, in each others Arms,
And as a worthy Sacrifice, to offer
My stock of breath in Prayers for both your welfares.

Ambo. Long live thou best of Mothers!

Selim. And mark me all my people; nay sound our Trumpets
To yon bright roof, and summon all the Gods,
As witnesses to this great *Syagian* vow.
By the Eternal God-head of the Sun,
I glory more that I can call thee mine,
My Friend, and Brother, than in wearing Crowns.

Tach. Gods! if there be a possibility
To speak my thanks; but thats impossible:
Or if there be a way to gratitude,
Direct me to't, tho' certain death attend
Me every step, I'll on to serve the King.

Selim. I know thou wouldst, yet *Tachmas*! O my Brother!
Great as I am in Arms,
Tho' I have Conquer'd through the *Asian* world,
And thou maintain'st my glory in the field;
Still there is wanting to compleat my bliss,
Sem in the's love; — but that wise Heaven denies me,
To show I am but man: For had the Gods

Granted

Granted me her, with this vast space of Empire,
I'de been their equal: not envi'd 'em the joys,
They boast above, nor had a thought of heaven
Beyond her beauty.---

But private cares must not usurp this day.
Lead to the banquet; all must be our guests,
'Tis *Seliman* invites you.

} *Exeunt Omnes, Præter*
} *Ismael, Semanthe.*

Ism. Madam I know the Princes soul abhors
These forms, and ceremonies, that detain
Him from your arms.

I have not time to open all my thoughts;
I must attend the king: only prepare,
If any storm shou'd fall, to scape it's fury.

(Exit.)

Sem. Alas! what storm? and how shou'd I-beware?

What lover ever yet foresaw a danger?
The God himself is blind, and all that love,
In midnight darkness to his temple move;
Like a tost bark at Sea, the Pilot gone,
I'm left expos'd to winds, and waves alone,
And rocks on every hand to split upon:
Yet there is one part fair in view, where I
The fortune of my life, and love will try,
My *Tachmas's* Arms, where I will live, or die.

[Exit.]

S C E N E *a Street.*

Enter Citizens with their Wives.

1 *Cit.* **H**ot work, Neighbours, very hot work; Bells ringing,
Bon-fires flaming, Crackers flying, Conduits run-
ing, Engines playing, and Bats of Wine tossing about, like
Church buckets in a fire.

2 *Cit.* Ay, ay; 'twill be a day of service; therefore I think
it convenient our leaky vessels be lain by.

Omnes, Agreed, agreed.

1 *Cit.* Yes Doxies, you must troop home like obedient Wives,
and expect us as soon as we in our royal pleasure shall think
fit to follow.

1 *Wom.* O but Husband! We have not seen the Fireworks.

2 *Wom.* And we never saw Fire-works since we were marry'd.

1 *Cit.* And now for the honour of Matrimony, you wou'd
meet

meet with some red nos'd, engineering Corporal, and be squib'd for company.

2 *Wom.* Besides 'tis a Holi-day, and Citizens Wives shou'd be abroad on Holi-days.

1 *Wom.* The King has proclaim'd it, and it may be Treason to go home before night.

1 *Cit.* We your Representatives in the body politick, will stay till morning, and be loyally drunk for the King.

1 *Wom.* And we your Cyphers (if we can find any civil Gentlemen, as loyally affected, as our selves) will do something else for the King before morning.

Omni. Wom. So farewell husbands.

[*Exeunt Women.*]

1 *Cit.* So, now we have the day before us.

2 *Cit.* The fear of Cuckoldome is remov'd, and we will be most obediently drunk at the Kings charges.

Omnes. Away, away, we lose time. [*Ex. shooting. God bless the King.*]

Enter Soldiers drunk with the former Women.

1 *Sold.* The day is our own, the Town surrenders, and I must ravish.

1 *Wom.* O Lord! Sir! I am married.

1 *Sold.* And I am a Cuckold-maker.

1 *Wom.* O! but the sin of adultery is a double sin.

1 *Sold.* And I love double sinning with all my heart: 'tis a method we Soldiers use to cheat the Devil in counting: Fornication! Pox! 'tis boys play, and Gown-men preach against it; but justify the reasonableness of Adultery by their own example.

[*He touzes her, while the others speak.*]

2 *Sold.* S'buds! a Months pay is Nothing to thee: I cou'd kiss thee to pieces.

2 *Wom.* Well; if my husband knew of the ill customs you bring into his family, he'd look as terrible--

2 *Sold.* As a pair of horns can make him: but hang him Cuckold that must be, I never fear an enemy, when I have won his Trenches. Come, come; faith you must, faith you must--ha!

Enter former Citizens drunk, and singing, the women shriek, and run out, the Soldiers after 'em.

1 *Cit.* Our Counters rifled! our Wives ravish'd, and we in the state of Cuckoldome agen! I am drunk, desperate, and can fight for the honor of my vocation, and confusion of Cuckold-makers--Scour, scour, scour. ———

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

Enter Ismael with several Lords.

Isma. My Lords ! I never can enough return
This Kingdoms thanks, for making him your care,
Who is the life, and being of us all :
Tachmas! the general wish of *Persia!*
The peoples longing, and the Courtiers soul!
With what an eagerness the *Sophy* flew
To meet your loves, and e're you cou'd demand him,
Resign'd the Provinces of greatest trust
Through his Dominions, to his brothers care !

Lord. My Lord ! his strange behaviour at the banquet,
His start of passion, and abrupt departure,
Provokes our wonder.

Isma. Trust my experience in the *Sophy's* humour :
The eye of time has seen him through, and through ;
Trac'd him through every temper of his soul,
And shewn him naked to my strictest view :
And from my observation of his youth,
Up to his riper years, I dare affirm
His soul enrich'd with all those qualities,
That can endear a Monarch to the world,
---But see, he comes : within this hour, my Lords,
I'll wait you in th' apartment of *Semantbe*,
Where I have something to propose ; that may
Advantage the design.

Lord. VVe will not fail.

[*Exeunt.*]

Isma. To lose your heads, if you be there.

Enter Seliman.

Selim. VVhy is my temper shaken with each breath
Of fleeting air, that's form'd into voice ?
VVhy have I not an equal mastery
Over my passions, with the rest of men ?
The Court is in an uproar with my follies
Expos'd in publick ; all my Friends stand mute
Before me, not a Counsellor that dares
Advise me, even flattery is dumb.

D

Plc

--I'll curb this folly.--- Ha! *Ismael* here!

Isma. I find the poison works; I'll shew my self.

Selim. My fit returns, and all my promises
Vanish at sight of him: a thousand doubts
Start in my soul, and press'd to be resolv'd
From his oraculous tongue.--- Yet why shou'd I
Rashly endanger all my future peace,
To be inquisitive in that, may prove
A lasting torment, and at best can give
But what I had before?--- I will retire,
And so conceal my weakness,--- yet that were
But to betray it the more.---

Isma. Great Sir! to press upon your thoughtful hours,
May prove my crime, 'tis fit I wait at distance.

Selim. No *Ismael*!

Nothing of moment entertains my thoughts:
Only some few reflections on my late
Deportment at the Banquet.

Isma. The cause was sure important, that cou'd shock
Your temper so, and in that general Joy.

Selim. The cause *Ismael*! as thou lov'st my peace,
Stop there; tho' much I fear thou'st gone too far:
Thou'st ignorantly toucht a jarring string,
That quite untunes the orders of my soul:
And all the rules of temperance I propos'd,
I shall leap o're, if thus thou urge me on
A second time.

Isma. How Sir have I offended?

Selim. Thy questions still drive on to that discourse,
That most offends me.

Isma. Better I never spoke, than give you trouble.

Selim. It were indeed.--- Nay thou must bear with me;
I know thou wilt, *Ismael*! therefore speak,
And let thy thoughts flow freely to thy tongue;
As to my ear thy words. Is not *Semantbe*
All can be with'd in woman?--- Ha! Not answer!

Isma. I dare not, I shall give you a new disturbance.

Selim. O now thou art too hard upon my follies:
I know this theam provok'd me at the banquet,
And truths in publick are resent'd,
Which meet a fair reception in our closets.

Isma. Then I dare speak my thoughts: if I respect

Semantbe, as the Goddess of your vows,
As one, rais'd by the merit of your love:
Then I must think the virtues of her Sex,

(For sure she has the beauties) meet in her:
 But if as merely woman I esteem her,
 All'd to imperfections, subject to
 Temptations, which her beauties will invite,
 And years allow off, with that tide of Youth
 Swelling through everie vein, sparkling desires,
 And circulating wishes to her heart:
 Pardon the freedom of my own experience,
 I think this fruit, that ripens on the bough,
 And mellows in the Sun-shine of the Court,
 Must somewhere fall.

Selim. A thousand thoughts prey on my tortur'd soul,
 And whirling fancy turns my senses round:
 ---Yet stay--- 'twas reason all he uttered to me,
 And solid sense; and may perhaps be true.
Semanthe is a woman;
 And who can fathom that deceitful Sex?
 But by the flaming God, that rides above,
 Had I a circumstance, a shew of truth,
 I wou'd not only drive the Sorcerers hence,
 But sink her lover in the shades for ever.

Isma. My Lord! knowing your violent passion
 For *Semanthe*, and her unnatural coldness;
 Hoping to find the cause of all, by bribes
 I wrought upon a slave in trust, who told me,
 How she in private entertains a lover.

Selim. In private say'st thou? sure it cannot be:
 She! who like *April* months, still wept, and shone,
 Whole not one beauty was without a tear,
 Is she, Hell! Furies! Fiends! and Plagues! Unchast?

Isma. My Lord---

Selim. She is, by Hell she is;
 For all the tears she shed, were liquid fire,
 Hot scalding bubbles of descending lust,
 As *Jupiter*, rain'd down on *Danae*.

Isma. The Gods can witness for me, I believe
Semanthe chaste; as the untainted thoughts
 Of infancy;
 Yet she is a woman; and the nicest sure,
 That makes her modesty her boasted pride,
 May, when solicited with earnest vows
 Of honourable love, without a crime
 Believe, where her own fancy prompts her.

Selim. What honourable love can story boast,

The Loyal Brother Or,

Through the recorded pages of the dead,
 Equal to mine? in all my flame of love,
 When wild desires beat thick upon my soul,
 And power (the countenance of greatest crimes)
 Urging me on, nay when my boiling blood
 Has blush'd to see me, for a womans coyness,
 Forgo my pleasures; not even then I swear,
 Had I a look, a thought beyond her vertue.

Isma. I need not name your Brother, when I speak
 Your Rival master of the charms of youth,
 Beauty, and courage; nay more than these: one learn'd
 In the soft way of melting Ladies hearts,
 So artful in the story of his passion,
 That sure no woman can resist his tongue,
 More than his enemy his sword in battle.

Selim. O! 'tis impossible!

Isma. By Heaven 'tis true; 'tis he alone
 Resolves the frosty weather in her soul;
 And warms her into wishes.

Selim. Then be forgotten ever
 The ties of blood, friendship, and humanity;
 You'r empty names, and perish all in him,
 No more my brother, but the worth of villains.
 I could behold him seated in my throne,
 Disposing Crowns, and Kingdoms through the East,
 And pardon his ambition:-- but my love.--

Isma. He needs no pardon, who offends with power:
 And should the Prince with a strong hand maintain
 His passion to the world; nay ease your brow
 Of the Imperial load; who can oppose him?
 All offices are his, your sword is his,
 To be employ'd against your royal life;
 If gratitude permit: and who is he,
 In the wild transports of ambitious thoughts,
 And tossing on the billows of desire,
 That for a nicety of good, or ill,
 Would quit the joys of Beauty, and a Crown?

Selim. No more *Ismael!* tell me when, and where:
 I may behold 'em: let thy working brain
 But guide me to the place.--

Isma. That this does; [showing a Key.
 This Key discloses to you the whole Scene
 Of their forbidden loves: within this hour
 They meet again in her Apartment, where

the Persian Prince.

21

You may surprize 'em.

Selim. Attend me at that time.

O I cou'd curse my foolish, easie nature!

--But I am calm as yet,

The figure of my fury's lifeless drawn;

Rude, and unlike to what it shall be.

O! thou shalt see the mendings of my rage:

The manly dashes of stronger passion

Shall paint the face of my revenge so ghastly,

Nature shall start affrighted at the piece,

And cry the work's not mine.

[*Exit.*]

Isma. Full charg'd, and like a thunder bolt, destructive,

The *Sophy* flies to all that shall oppose him:

—*Tachmas* will stand between him, and *Semantbe*;

—But *Seliman* must pass through *Tachmas* to her:

'Tis so resolv'd, and stands like Heavens fixt poles!

Come furies all, whip up my sleeping envy,

Lash the lean, haggard Fiend, and make her foam;

Lend me your scorpious, reach the pois'nous bowl,

That the green gall may stain my venom'd blood;

And my infection raise a mad combustion.

Then from the Port I will behold the Storm,

And laugh at ruins, that my plots perform.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E *Semantbe's Apartment.*

Enter Tachmas, Semantbe, Lords.

Tach. O! why *Semantbe*, why these falling tears?
O I swear, my Love, not the last drops of life:

Just flowing from my heart, are dearer to me,

Than those rich pearls, that trickle from thy Eies.

What on this joyful day! it must not be:

Give me thy griefs, pour all thy sorrows here,

Here in my breast, and pant within my arms:

Tho' fortune frown, and every star conspire,

Yet we may love, *Semantbe*!

Sem. O my Lord!

What Sun shall see you mine? Is there no power

Assisting to our love?

Tach. My dearer self!

Lect.

The Loyal Brother, Or,

Let no sad thought poison this happy hour,
 The Gods have sent us to begin our joys.
 No, my *Semanthe*! we will never part:
 For ever thus, thus in each others arms,
 Ages shall see us flourish.

Sem. Yes you shall

For ever be believed; for my poor heart
 Would fain be fonded with the hopes of rest.
 Yet there is something here prelages ill:
 Were our loves Scene a blissful, sylvan Grove,
 And we, the happy tenants of its shade;
 An humble rural pair, to all unknown,
 Plac't beneath Fortune's aim, we might be blest.
 But Oh! the storms, and tempests of a Court,
 The Rocks, the Quicklands, and tossing Seas,
 That love must venture through to gain its port,
 Foil the most resolute powers of my soul.

Enter Seliman unseen with Ismael, and Arbanes.

Selim. There needs no more: *Ismael*, you retire,
 Whilst *Arbanes* attends me. [*Exit. Ismael.*]

Sem. You know the *Sophy* long has sought my love;
 And tho' I swear I never will be his,
 Nor change the passion I have vow'd you long,
 For more than earth can give, or heaven bestow;
 Yet, O my Lord! my fears are great for you:
 What horrid consequence, what rash effect
 Of wildest fury ought we not to dread
 From him, who when he knows his happy rival,
 Has power to execute his fatal will?

Tach. No my *Semanthe*! we are now secure
 From all the darts of Fortune: these my friends,
 Soon as I march to my new Government,
 Shall be your guard, and privately convey you
 To *Georgia*, which Province your brave Father
 Had govern'd long, and but with death resign'd:
 'Tis now within my power, and I doubt not
 At sight of you, but we shall have those friends
 To join our cause, that may enable us
 To justify our loves.

Lords. In the publick name,
 We lay our lives, and fortunes at your feet,

Selim. O! man me reason;

Restrain the sallies of my starting passion,
Which else will plung me in the gulph of madness.

Sem. But if that gloomy minute shou'd approach,
(Avert it heaven) when I am forc'd to loose you;
(Forgive the Virgin fondness of my love)
Where shou'd your poor *Semantbe* run for succour?
Or shou'd I live to mourn your loss for ever?

Tach. O stop not here! for ever bless my ears
With the delightful story of thy love:
My heart is ravish'd with excessive joy,
Leaps in my breast,
And dances to the musick of thy voice.
O my *Semantbe*! let me die with rapture,
Thus sigh my soul out on thy Virgin bosome,
Thus press thee still, for ever hold thee to me,
Empling the hoarded treasure of my love,
Till life be spent, and I fall pale before thee.
What shall I say to speak thy wondrous vertue?
My tongue forsakes me, when I wou'd go on,
Uncapable to form my dazling thoughts,
And I can only gaze, and still admire thee.

Seliman coming forward.

Selim. Gaze on, devour her all; this look's thy last.

Sem. O heavens! we are betraid.

Selim. O wondrous modesty of guilt discover'd!
Ingrateful Slave! I will not stoop to tell thee,
How thou hast basely wrong'd thy friend, and brother.
I did design thy death; but thank the powers,
That have reviv'd expiring nature in me:
But fly, be gone to death, or banishment;
And all the publick offices you held
By our permission, here we take agen:
The general staff, *Arbanes*, now is thine.

Arb. My service best; will speak my gratitude.

Selim. As Traitors to our Crown, and Life, your Heads
[To the Lords]

Are forfeit to our Laws: but meet ignobler fates.
Madam, your Sexes folly pleads your cause;
But think on him no more; learn to forget
A slave so much unworthy.

Arbanes, thou attend upon *Semantbe*,
And guard her, as thou wouldst thy life, away.

[Exits.
Tach.

Tach. If in my better fortune I have ever
Deserv'd thy love,

Grant me a parting minute with *Semanthe* ;
And in return, my life

Shall be too short, to shew my gratitude.

Arb. My Lord! the time requires a short farewell,

And you must make it so: I know there are

A thousand tender things for you to say,

Unfit for me to hear:

Therefore my Lord, the guards shall wait without. *Exit. with Guards.*

Tach. Now my *Semanthe*!

Sem. O my most lov'd Lord!

Support me, for my spirits die within me,

At the least mention of thy banishment.

Tach. Look up my star, my shining happiness;

Dart through the gloomy Winter of our fortune,

And smile upon me:

Let us deceive our miseries a while

Talk of the joys of love, and never think

Of parting; grief will come too fast upon us.

Sem. Methinks already in some barbarous wild,

Like a benighted Traveller, I walk;

Vicwing with watry Eies the sinking Sun,

And night displaying her sad Ensigns round:

No friendly Village near me, all before.

A horrid maze of death, without a guide

To chear my heavy steps; despair, and death!

O wilt thou ne're return to glad my soul,

And must we never, never meet agen!

Tach. My souls last treasure! how I part from thee,

How far above the world, I prize thy love,

The Almighty searchers of the mind can tell:

But since irrevocable fate has doom'd

That I must ne're be happy; O hear my wish

For thy content, and future peace of mind!

—It matters not what shall become of me.

When I am gone for ever from thy sight,

Forget that wretched *Tachmas* ever was;

O! think not on the wretch, for that will grieve thee:

But give thy love to royal *Seliman*,

Give him that Heart, that once was mine; those vows,

That spotless faith thou gav'st to me: which (since

'Tis for your peace) you Gods! I here resign,

Here on this Altar sigh you all away.

[*Kissing her hand.*

Sem.

Sem. O most unkind! why do you use me thus?
Or wou'd you have me think you never lov'd,
That thus you wish me from you?

Tach. My love!
My dearer self! thou miracle of woman!
For what recorded story ever told
One of thy Sex so fond of misery?
Let ~~us~~ live wretched then, and ever love;
So truly love, that the relenting Gods
At last in justice may redress our wrongs,
And bring us safe unto each others arms.

Sun. O! if I ever prove untrue to *Tachmas*;
May I resign my honor to a slave,
Be branded a vile, common prostitute,
And only known by the black marks of shame.

Tach. O I cou'd hear thee ever: but thus resolv'd
Let's try to part.

Sem. O you must first begin;
For my heart's fond, and sure to say farewell,
Wou'd break it quite.

Tach. Farewel *Semantbe*! witness all you Gods,
To you I recommend this weighty charge:
O guard her innocence, and secure her faith,
(For sure she will be strongly tempted from me)
That if our kinder stars shou'd guide me home,
To these lov'd arms, our souls may meet in joy.

Sem. My heart's exceeding heavy: falling tears
Dazle my sight, and won't let me see you:
O do not leave me yet!

Tach. I must be gone:
If I stay longer we are both undone;
My Eies wou'd ever on that object dwell;
—But we must part—farewel.

Sem. Farewel—farewel.

[*Exeunt*]

A C T. III. S C E N E I.

Enter Seliman following Semanthe.

Selim. **T**He stubborn rocks are worn by pouring floods:
But you, tho' cover'd with a constant dew,
Like weeping marble,
Give me no hopes, but are as hard as ever.

Sem. Learn hope from widow'd Turtles,
Or from the melancholy *Philomel*,
Who perch'd all night alone in shady Groves,
Tunes her soft voice to sad complaints of Love,
Making her life one great harmonious wo.

Selim. Cannot *Pactolus* strand, nor *Tagus* stream,
Nor heaps of Pearl, join'd with a *Persian* Crown,
Bias your thoughts, or poise a Subjects love?

Sem. Tho' your wide Empire, with expanded Wings,
Flew o're the East, farther than *Cyrus* led it;
Tho' the Sun tenanted his course from you,
And the rich *Indian* world confess'd your sway;
I wou'd prefer my *Tachmas*, my lov'd Lord,
To all the Pageantries of gaudy power.
Tachmas! whole name but mention'd, warms my heart:
Life of my hopes! and charmer of my soul!

Selim. You were not form'd to run in natures herd,
Sultry, and elbow'd in the crowd of slaves:
These matchless beauties shou'd adorn a throne,
Plac't eminently in a shining Orb,
Dart life, or death in every awful look.

Sem. O *Tachmas*! didst thou know
How my assaulted faith maintains the field,
Sure thou wou'dst fly to my assistance.

Selim. O Madam! taste the pleasures of a Throne:
The sweets of nature always blow around us:
Fate cannot reach us:
The ill she scatters through the Lower world,
Like Vapours, vanish e're they gain our height:
Joys flow untainted from the bounteous Gods,
Which the poor Subject takes at second hand:
No noise molests us but what musick makes.

Cool, gentle breezes fan our hotter hours,
While we look down, and view the sweating world.
See, at your feet I offer all my greatness,
My Love, my Life, yet all too little far
To purchase one dear look, one pitying smile.

Sem. O rise my royal Lord! why shou'd you kneel

To me? why do you hold me thus?

Selim. Why dost thou turn away?

Sem. I must be gone.

Selim. What! not a look! not one dear smile, to cheer
My famish'd love, my sad despairing heart!

But my too happy rival will dispense

With this--- thus, thus I print my soul

*{ Kissing her hand she
breaks from him.*

Ha! gone so soon! nay then 'tis time to speak:

By all the pangs of love, if thus you leave me,

Thus tortur'd with the violence of my passion,

Your Lovers blood alone shall quench my rage.

Sem. Ah! where shall constancy meet a reward?

Where shall that poor, abandon'd virtue flee?

For her 'tis persecuted to undoing.

Selim. 'Tis not his banishment that shall suffice:

That I appli'd, as a safe remedy,

In hopes you wou'd forget him by degrees:

But since I find th' infection spreads upon you,

I must be quick, and snatch the sharpest cure:

And since he only bars my happiness,

His death shall guide me on my way to bliss;

[Exit.]

Sem. O leave me not with that destructive sound!

My Lord! Oh stay! O hear me, ere you go:

—He's gone, and may perhaps intend it too:

Ah! No; *Hyrcanian* Tigers wou'd not hurt my Love:

—But a revengeful, furious Rival may.

Tachmas and death! O keep 'em distant Heaven!

For like destroying Planets, if they meet,

My ruine's certain: Some God inspire my mind,

In this wide maze of death, a path to find,

That leads me to the means, how I may save

My Love; or that, that leads me to my Grave.

[Exit.]

SCENE *changes to the Country.*

Enter Osman with several Officers.

Osman. **F**Ar hence he cannot be;
And by the Villages discription,
It must be the Prince, they saw.

1 Off. 'Tis strange that misery should be so silent:
The birds in mournful Notes should share his griefs,
Each Grove should echo the sad accents back,
And every bark contain the fatal story.

2 Off. Let's separate; he cannot scape our search. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Tachmas.

Tach. Greatness (the earnest of malicious fate
For future woe) was never meant a good;
Baited with gilded ruine, 'tis cast out
To catch poor casie man.
What is't to be a Prince?
To have a keener sense of our misfortunes:
That's all our wretched gain.
The Vulgar think us happy; and at distance,
Like some sam'd ruinous pile, we seem to flourish:
But we, who live at home, alone can tell
The sad disquiets, and decays of peace,
That always haunt the dwelling.
O ambition!
How strangely dost thou charm the minds of men!
That they will choose to starve on mountain tops,
Rather than taste the plenty of the Vale.
Had my kind stars delign'd my fortune here;
Bred among Swains, with my *Semantbe* by me,
The conquering beauty of some neighbouring village;
What Ages of content might I have pass'd,
Till time had quencht both Life, and Love together?
But O! I never more must think of peace:
Semantbe's gone for ever: O *Semantbe*!

[*Exit.*]

Re-Enters with Officers.

Tach. Come to my Arms, my Warriors! these are they
Who

Who in the piercing Winter of our fortune,
Cling to our sapless sides, and keep us warm.
Once more let me endear you to my heart :
And now, my friends, part we like Soldiers here ;
All to our several fates: fight for the King,
As I have done, and may your services
Be better paid.

Osm. Oft have we seen fate hovering o're our Camp,
In all the bloody horrors of a War ;
Nor have we left our General at the view :
And shall we here desert him basely ? here ?
Where only hunger, or some trivial want,
(Which war has turn'd to nature in us) threatens ?

1 Off. Fate cou'd not part our fortunes in the War,
Nor shall she now.

Osm. Were those soft slaves of leachery, and ease,
To head an Army ; those who thus have wrong'd you :
How wou'd they voice it o're and o're for *Tachmas*
To come, and blunt the edge of War agen !

2 Off. Ease natures always hate, where they'r oblig'd.

Enter Arbanes with a Guard.

Arban. My Lord ! I come empowr'd to take
You Prisoner, as Traitor to the State.

Tach. A Traitor !
Prethee forbear me that, and I resign
My self to justice up, without the stain
Of thy black blood upon my innocence.

Arb. I come not here to talk.

Osm. There's not a Life here,
Which fondly you esteem within your power,
But must be sold at dearer rates of blood,
Than you, and all your crowd of guards can pay.

Tach. Yet hold, my generous friends ! I must not thus
By disobedience to my Kings command,
Rashly forgo my glory : if he think fit
To take my life, or make it yet more wretched ;
My loyalty ties up my forward Sword,
And teaches silently to suffer all.
And now a long farewell : live to enjoy
A better fortune in your Princes favour. [*Exit, with Arbanes.*

1 Off. Lets to the Army,
Where noble souls will not be wanting to

Assist our cause, and turn the Princes fate.

Osm. I'll to Court,
Where if kind Fortune favour my designs,
I may prove serviceable.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE the Pallace.

Enter Seliman, Ismael.

Selim. Since fate has put the Traitor in my power ;
My justice shall have Wings.

Isma. The harmless beast bows to the sacred Knife,
But 'tis to keep off thunder from our crimes,
And to make friends in heaven : but what ? Oh ! what
Can you propose by taking *Tachmas* Life ?
Thus you not only throw your shield away
From your unguarded Head, but do incite
The long forbearance of the Gods against you.

Selim. Has he not dar'd my Crown, as well as Love ?
Has he not stol'n into my Armies hearts ?
Nay more, when I had banish'd him my Court,
Has he not countenanc'd Rebellion in
My disaffected Captains ?

All this thou know'st, and yet would'st have me spare him.

Isma. Only great *Sophy*, as he is your Brother :
For by the Gods were he a private man,
My Sword shou'd reach the Villain in his heart :
But as he is the Prince, your Peoples Idol,
And one that shares your blood, you may forgive.

Selim. Since he is Great, and makes my Crown his aim,
A politick justice does perswade his death :
A Bramble, ne're can spring up to a Cedar ;
But a tall Pine, upon a Mountains top,
May grow my Rival, and perhaps o're look me.
He dies to night, by the bright God he does :
A Scaffold shall the Traitors Head receive ;
And publick justice send him to his Grave.

[*Exit.*]

Isma. Because I seem for *Tachmas*, therefore I love him ;
Thus he concludes ; but the illation's false,
As he might Guess by my faint Rhetorick :
I wou'd as loath obtain the suit I move for,
As Lawyers bribe'd against the cause, they plead :

But

— But thus I'm unsuspected of his death.
— O! there's the pleasure, so to work the crowd,
That their best thoughts, may Crown our villanies,
And frame us honest ev'n in the act of mischief.

Enter Sunamire to him.

Sun. Thus far success has led our Plots along,
And expectation been paid with interest :
But shou'd these fail (which wou'd be vain to fear).
My teeming brain holds a *Minerva* still,
That with unerring mischief wou'd supply me.

Isma. Madam, there needs no more; with wondro usskill
You've rais'd the antick machine up, and now
Mov'd by an inward power, 'twill act alone :
Whilst we, like Sailers tacking for the wind,
Mount on the deck at last, with full blown sails
Drive onward to our Port, and proudly ride
On dancing billows down the foaming.

Sun. How are my spirits haunted by revenge ?
— But I can more sustain :

Nay, stab this breast, to plague my happy Rival,
And that rash scorner of my proffer'd love.

Isma. *Semiramis* no more shall be ador'd
In Story; female spirit never mention'd more :
But *Sunamire* shall fill the checks of fame,
And in the roll of women be the leading name.

Sun. The hour grows big with fate. — but let's away,
And place a guard on every courtiers Eie,
As Seamen watch in storms th' inconstant Skie.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The SCENE drawn shows Tachmas on a
Scaffold, Guards, Spectators, &c.*

Tach. **D**Eath we shou'd prize, as the best gift of nature :
As a safe Inn, where weary Travellers,
When they have journied through a world of cares,
May put off Life, and be at rest for ever ;
If 'twere in private, void of Pomp, and show :
But groans, and weeping friends, and ghastly blacks
Distract us with their sad solemnity :
The preparation is th' Executioner :
For death unmask'd shews us a friendly face,
And only is a terror at a distance :

For

For as the Line of Life conducts us on
 To this great Court, the prospect shows more fair.
 'Tis nature's hospital, that's always open
 To take us in, when we have drain'd the sweets
 Of life, or worn our daies to Age, or wretchedness.
 Then why shou'd I delay? or fondly fear
 To embrace this soft repose, this last retreat?
 I? who like blossomes withering on the bough,
 Died in my birth, and almost was born old.

Enter Seliman, Ismael, Arbanes, Attendants.

Isma. Yet Sir! turn back; altho a criminal,
 He is your brother; and to see him bleed,
 (So gentle is the temper of your soul)
 Will raise your very thoughts in Arms against you:
 Nature and Justice, like contending tides,
 Will drive you from the calmnets of your mind:
 And what the consequence may be; how fatal
 To your peace, none knows, but all shou'd dread:
 Therefore, my Lord, I beg you.——

Selim Urge no more:
 I tell thee *Ismael*, I'll stand unmov'd,
 Behold him fall a purple sacrifice
 To my Ambition; and my injur'd Love,
 As unconcern'd, as 'twere a common fate.

Tach. Altho sufficient reasons urge my death;
 Yet, O great Sir! I never cou'd imagine
 It wou'd rejoice you to behold me bleed:
 Here I confess you have outgone my thoughts.

Arb. By hell I read concern i'th' *Sophy's* looks:

Isma. He'll never stand it out.

Tach. Yet e're this fleeting being disappears;
 Before I leave the world, let me avow
 The loyalty, and firmness of my soul,
 Before this presence, to imperial power.
 And by th' expectance of eternal rest
 To all my past calamities, in death;
 By all the thousand longings of my soul,
 Now at my parting minute; O! I swear,
 That through my Life, in all the Fields I fought,
 And conquer'd in your cause, I never bled
 With more content, and satisfaction
 (When crimson conquest clasp'd me in her arms,

And

And lawrel'd triumphs, welcom'd my return)
Than now I empty all the springs of Life,
Open each vein, and as the last great due)
Offer the scarlet treasure of my heart,
In dread obedience to your high command.

Selim. 'Tis rebel Nature factions in my breast;
But 'tis resolv'd, I am not to be mov'd.

Tach. Since Fate ordain'd *Semantbe's* charms to be
The fatal prize of our contending Loves;
Since I must loose her; with my latest breath,
That sacred Relique of my soul, that all
The Riches, Empire, that my heart rejoic'd in,
I here resign to your eternal care.
O take her Sir! and be for ever blest,
Be blest far far above all humane thought;
For endless joys are in that Heaven of Love.
A thousand Cupids dance upon her smiles,
Young, bathing Angels wanton in her Eies,
Melt in her looks, and pant upon her breasts;
Each word is gentle, as a Western breeze,
That fans the infant bosome of the spring,
And every sigh more Rosie than the morn:
—The thought inspires my soul; but I have done:
O! keep her close to the business of your Loves;
Impose a mighty task of pleasing toil
Upon her; give her not time to think on *Tachm*;
For if she does, sure she will give a tear;
And Oh! I woud not have *Semantbe* weep,
Tho' the dear dew wou'd make my ashes flourish in my tomb.

Begona Enters attended, in great distraction.

Beg. O horror! horror! torment to my Eies!
Why was I doom'd to this unhappy day?
Why gave I not my self to be devour'd
With your great father, in his silent tomb,
Rather than thus in my declining Life,
Have my distracted bowels rent, and gash'd
By two lov'd Sons, in an unnatural strife?
See where stript innocence, with brow August,
Serenely bids defiance to the Ax;
As if his soul were School'd to suffer wrong!
Ah! have you Eies? or are you marble turn'd?
No, no; the marble weeps, yet has no Eies.

— Ah! go not from me; 'tis a Mother begs,
 And as a Mother must not be refus'd;
 'Tis but an easie boon, my *Tachmas* Life;
 A brothers Life, a Life less his than yours,
 But mine in chief: Then whither wou'd your rage?
 Like *Tullia* triumph o're a Parents wounds?

Selim. My guards confine the Queen to her Apartment
 Till Execution's past.

Arb. Curse on these Land-Syrens; what brave designs
 Have been undone, by listning to women?

Beg. Ah! must your Empires hopes, your peoples joys,
 The wishes of good men, be sacrific'd
 To a fantastick Idol, that usurps

The heat of passion, to appear a God in,
 But in cool blood seems monstrous, as a fury?
 Such is revenge: if so, then stop not here,
 Let your licentious fury sweep a long,
 And make a Mothers death compleat the Scene
 Of most triumphant murder: rip this womb,
 That form'd him yet an Embrion, and gave
 Him being, to displease you: gash these veins,
 That rob'd themselves of vigor; to supply
 His infancy with strength to act against you;
 Strike, stab, and drown this contest in my blood.

Selim. Are my commands disputed? [*The guards advance.*]

Beg. Off you slaves!

Is there no filial duty to a parent?
 No vertue in a Mothers tears, to stir
 Obedience in a Son? then I will kneel,
 Thus, like a Vassal, follow on my knees,
 And never leave pursuing.

Semanthe Enters in great disorder, and throws
 her self at his feet.

Selim. This face of fatal sorrow does confound me;
 Nor can I stand this test.

Beg. *Sem.* Ah! go not from us. [*Both hold him.*]

Beg. Fast as a drowning wretch, I'll grasp your knees
 To the last plunge of Life.

Sem. Thus pale, and dying,
 With my dishevel'd Hair, I'll bind you to me:
 Drag me you may, or dash me to the ground,
 Trample upon me; yet I will not leave you,

Till your wild rage shall spurn me to my grave.
O! can you view the violence of my grief,
That throws me groveling on the pavement thus,
Torn with distraction, raving; yet not give
A look, a sigh, one tender pitying word
To raise me from despair.—

See, see, he turns away from my complainings,
My sobs, my groans, and swoonings: O recal,
Revoke the vigor of your dooming voice:
Tho' you have said it, yet you have not sworn
My utter ruine.

Beg. If you persist to take your brothers Life,
(Oh hear what my presaging soul divines!)
No History shall offer an excuse:
Mothers shall curse your memory, Nurses fright
Their crying Infants with your horrid Tale.
But if it shall be said in after times,
How in the height of madness,
When nothing cou'd arrest your lifted hand,
Your piety disarm'd you:
What fair opinions then shall Crown your dust?
How bright will your example shine in story?
Your name will be invoc'd, as a sure charm
To excite obedience; Mothers early teach
Their children reverence, by reciting you:
And is not this more worthy, than the fame
Of that imperial paricide of Rome?

Sem. Mercy is still a virtue, and most priz'd,
When hope of pardon leaves us: O! then speak,
Speak in the voice of some relenting God;
Dispell the general consternation,
That hangs, like night, upon the face of *Persia*,
And be ador'd above the rising Sun.

Beg. By all the hopes, that rip'n'd in my womb,
That sweetned the hard labour of my pains,
And promis'd at thy birth, with infant smiles,
A world of comfort to thy Mothers Age!
O! I conjure you pity my complainings,
And give my *Tachmas* to these falling tears.

Sem. By fame.

Beg. By Nature, by your Fathers dust.

Sem. By the bright Throne of *Cyrus*.

Beg. By the Sun,

And all those Stars, that ever blest this Land

With their auspicious influence.

Sem. He yields, he melts, I read it in his looks:
A blush confus'dly wanders in his Cheeks;
And now he turns away. O blessed change!

Beg. O matchless virtue! happy, happy day!

Isma. Be pleas'd great Sir! retire:

Nature may turn the beam of justice.

Selim. What! shall we turn Salvages in natures field?

—O rise my Royal Mother! rise *Semantbe*!

Yes you have conquer'd, and I blush to think,
I cou'd so long resist such wondrous virtue.

Beg. What tongue can speak the rapture of my soul?
I'm lost in joy.

Sem. You Gods! that hoard up blessings to reward
Transcendent virtue, here exhaust your store;
And if a Virgins prayers, or wishes can
Add the least grain to the vast heap, O take 'em:
Yet all will be too little, for this goodness.

Arb. Hell! Plagues! and Death! here's your policy:
Had I been heard, the business had been done,
Without this Ceremony. [To *Ismael*.]

Selim. Live *Tachmas*! live; come to thy brothers arms;
Think him no more a Monster, paricide,
A Wolf, that lives upon the steam of blood:
I've lost my brutal nature, and am man
Agen, merciful gentle as the first.

Tach. What means my Royal Lord?

Selim. Ah! wound me not.

With the remembrance of my hated actions,
Which shun the light, and fain wou'd be forgotten.

—I wou'd compleat the general joy,
And give the Crown of all, *Semantbe* to thy Love;
But dare not, while a breath of passion stirs me:
But *Tachmas*! raise thy expectation high:
Let fancy revel in a thousand forms
Of joys, yet uninvented by mankind:
For virtue wins apace upon my soul:
My tossing thoughts will soon be rock'd in calms,
And then *Semantbe* shall be wholly thine.
Thus at the last the beaten voyager,
Having out-liv'd the storm, does homeward steer,
Recounts his dangers, in a jocund vein,
Presents to the life the fury of the main,
Paints every Wave; but ne're will out again:.

So since my vertue has the Conquest won ;
The memory of what's already done,
Shall awe, and dath my rebel passions down.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Ismael, Sunamire, Arbanes.

Sun. **T**Hus long with pains, and toil, we've heav'd a stone
To the hills top, and now it tumbles on us.
Curse on those Plots, that gives us endless labour.
Isma. Had our revenge set out low-pac'd, and easie,

It had with equal might maintain'd the course,
And reach'd untir'd the Goal of our designs :
But a too violent speed has ruin'd all.
As an unpractic'd Seaman, in a storm,
Plies all his Sail to the unruly winds,
To wing him to a Port ; and never thinks
That the uneven Vessel is o'repowr'd ;
Till he too late laments his ignorance,
And every billow offers him a Tomb.

Arb. The Basis, on which all our designs were founded,
Is overturn'd ; the *Sophy's* Love abates ;
And now 'tis rumour'd through the Court, that soon
He'll give *Semanthe* up to *Tachmas* arms.

Sun. First let the frame of nature be dissolv'd ;
Let *Sunamire* be dust, and laid in earth
Deep as the Center ; else they are not safe
From the contrivance of a rivals rage.
Tho' I both hate his person, and his Love ;
Yet but to see him in anothers arms,
Wou'd give me speedy death.
What ! shall *Semanthe* triumph in my spoils ?
Shall she enjoy him all ? whilst I stand wishing,
And like a spirit damn'd, am rob'd of hope ?
O Hell ! it mads my reason but to think on't.
I shall Become their May-game ;
At their loose intervals of calmer Love,
She'll hang upon his lips, and beg him tell
The story of my passion o're agen ;
Which he relates, and with a scornful smile,

Adds

Adds to my shame, to make the Girl more vain.
 And must this be whilst I have being? no;
 The thunder rages in my breast for vent;
 Here, here it rous to make its violent way;
 And now it bursts: the flaming bolts are hurl'd:
 See, see; the Lovers are dispers'd, and scatter'd,
 Whiskt up into the air, like Summers dust
 By whirlwinds.

[Exit.

Isma. She grows big with new designs,
 And these dire pangs foretel their birth at hand.

Arb. 'Tis woman only helps us at a stand.

[Exeunt.

Tachmas crossing the Stage.

Tach. Where shall I fly to shun this solitude?
 My melancholy haunts me every where:
 And not one kindly beam pierces the gloom
 Of my dark thoughts, to give a glimpse of comfort.
 Here, as in *Eden* once, tho' all things smile,
 Tho nature plays the prodigal, and gives
 Large handed, what our boundless wishes crave;
 Yet discontentedly I roam about,
 And cannot taste the pleasures of the place.
 The Court seems all a crowded Wilderness,
 Where I appear, like the first man, forlorn;
 Whilst each created being else enjoys,
 In happy pairs, the fellowship of Life:
 And if his loanly State he did bemoan,
 And wish an *Eve*, when woman was unknown,
 What wou'd he have done, had he been forc'd from her,
 Soon as he found her fortunately fair?

[Exit.

Re-enter Sunamire with a Letter, Arbances, Ismael.

Sun. Brother, this Letter is your care;
 And tho to me directed from the Prince,
 Yet it must fall into *Semanthe's* hands.

Arban. A slave attendant on her person,
 Shall do the business.

Sun. I'll make a visit to *Semanthe*, and
 Prepare her by degrees to meet the news;
 Which, when she finds confirm'd in this forg'd Letter,
 Must work effects proportion'd to our hopes.

Isma. O you'r the very spirit, and soul of plotting!

Nothing within the circuit of invention,
Can scape your searching thoughts.

Sun. Since nothing cou'd be hop'd for from the *Sophy*;
This, as the fittest way, I did propose,
To work each others ruine from themselves.

Isma. About it, Madam, loose not this present now;
This minute's worth a year of common hours,

Arban. If this plot fail, then heaven! the fault is yours. [*Exeunt*]

Semanthe melancholy in her Apartment.

Sem. Did time but circumscribe my miseries,
I'de live upon the hopes of being blest,
And travel chearful through my youth, to come
In the evening of my Life, and die within his arms.
—Has not the *Sophy* past his royal word
To make us happy? why then shou'd I fear?
—Alas! my foolish heart! how soon thou'rt wrought on!
No, no; fond hopes, you flattering torments hence;
You smile upon me, to betray me on
To new despairs, and here I cast you from me:
For, Chymist like, I waste my tedious Life
In vain expectance, and at last die poor.

Enter Sunamire to her.

Sun. *Semanthe* weeping! what can fortune mean?
Now, when the Majesty of *Persia* comes,
In all his royalties, and pomp of power,
Like a descending God, to Court you to him,
Thus to be seen in tears provokes my wonder.

Sem. Alas! is it so strange to view me in
That garb of sorrow, which I dally wear,
And never will put off, till my lov'd Lord,
My *Tachmas* presence shall dispel these Clouds.

Sun. O Madam! he must be forgotten now:
Let not his memory debar your thoughts,
From all that *Indian* world, those golden joys,
Which an Imperial Lover offers to you.

Sem. Where wou'd thy language point me? O my fears!

Sun. *Tachmas* no longer struggles with his fate,
To force impossibilities; and since
Heaven has design'd you for the *Sophy's* bed;
He bows to th' immortal will, and has resolv'd

(Rather

(Rather then rob your merits of a Crown)
 To wean his heart for ever from your charms,
 And fix his wilhes to some humbler Maid,
 Whose beauties, as they are not envi'd,
 Have store of happiness to feed content.

Sem. Had I a Faith beyond the ignorant,
 I cou'd not credit this. O *Sunamire!* recal
 The fleeting air, that bears the sound away,
 Or from this hour (tho the divinest truth
 Spoke in thy words) ne're hope to be believ'd.
 Tho' we are wretched, it shall ne're be said,
 That fortune took the advantage of our crimes,
 To make us so. *Tachmas* has all the truth
 Of heaven; so pure, so white, so innocent:
 No woman that has ever known the arts
 Of cozening man, will think him of the kind.

Sun. Madam, I'm sorry I shou'd be the first
 To bring unwelcome news.

Sem. And yet my *Sunamire!* thou wert my friend,
 My bosome friend; and why shoud'st thou betray me?
 Ah! no; I find it now; 'tis all a truth,
 All that thou sayest: my *Tachmas* is o'recome
 By this last generous usage of the *Sophy*,
 And I am sold to ruine:
 And it was kind in thee, most like a friend
 To come, and give me all my fate at once,
 And not behold me languish in my pains.
 No *Sunamire!* this poor forsaken Maid
 Shall not out-live her shame: yet e're I die,
 May I not know my happy rivals name?

Sun. Now all the subtilty of woman aid me.
 Alas! how am I wrought into an error,
 A maze of folly by my indiscretion!
 I cou'd not think you yet retain'd a thought
 Of *Tachmas*, therefore ignorantly prest too far.
 In me to answer, wou'd appear insulting:
 Therefore I beg you'd spare my modesty
 The blush, my tongue the vanity to tell,
 What soon from every mouth will strike your ears.

Sem. Insinuating fiend! I see thee through
 That painted vizer of thy flattering friendship,
 With all thy devilish stratagems a going.
 Now I perceive, what I so long suspected,
 Thy love to *Tachmas*: and now thou com'st to raise

[*Aside.*

My

My jealousie, on some sinister end.
But to this point I'm fixt: that thou'd the earth
Depose his falshood in a general voice;
Nay, call the tongues of Angels to avouch it,
I wou'd not think it of him.

Sun. Know then as to the conquest of the Prince—how he
Whose inclinations you so firmly fixt;
'Twas got so easily, I do not think
It worth a triumph, scarce of being vain;
For, like a slave, I found him on the ground,
Groaning beneath the bondage of your Love,
And begging liberty from any hand.

Sem. O Heavens, —

Sun. Let it never be said to shame our Sex,
That any Lady in her youthful bloom,
When beauty wanders in a thousand charms,
And not a look can pass without a wound,
That then she fulsomely detain'd a Lover
Against his will, and cloyd him with her fondness;
O! how I loath the sound! against his will!

Sem. Sure thou hast drunk with Adders, that thy tongue
Thus poisons every word it forms, and casts
It's venome on my *Tachmas* constancy.

Sun. There's no such thing as constancy in nature:
'Tis but a borrow'd name, for feeble beauties,
Or stale decaying Virgins, to make use of.
True Love thou'd be as wavering as the wind:
For that remains but while the rapture lasts,
And palls, when sunk to an indifference.

Sem. You speak of that poor passion in your breast,
Rais'd by an earthly fume of base desire;
The suddain fit of a distemper'd Love:
Where the gross joy mounts not above the sense;
Not the Seraphick flame, that warms the soul:
Such was the sacred fire, that light our Loves,
That fir'd my *Tachmas* heart, and made him mine.

Sun. Then be it so: Rave on in fond conceits
Of aery promises of constancy:
Swell your thin hopes with insubstantial food,
Whilst I taste real feasts of flesh, and blood,
And in your *Tachmas* arms reap thousand joys,
Which dreams but ape, and fancy but destroys.
Methinks already in some smiling Grove,
I sit embracing the dear man I Love:

We sigh, and kiss, and now our transports grow
Tumultuous, But the thoughts of you, and I'm not able to
(Tho Love be lost in Love):
Still lend us vigor, and our joys renew. [Exit.

Sem. How the insulting creature Lords it o're me!
And well they may, for such a conquest sure
Might make the temperate Victor proud:
This may be malice, or a plot to try me;
That's the last hope between me, and despair

Enter an Eunuch with a Letter.

Eun. Madam, the trust I have been honour'd with
In your service, gain'd me the Princes faith; you'll find
From whose hand this Letter I receiv'd
For Sunamire with strict injunctions
Of care, and secrecy: at which mistrusting
Some practices in hand against your Loves;
I've brought it to you.

Sem. I will reward your care. [Reads the Letter.

Sunamire,

Resist no longer the propositions I made you, to place
the Crown of Persia on your head; if you will: but
make use of a project to rid us of Seliman: And do not
think that I retain any longer the least thoughts of Se-
manthe; whom my Stars, and inclinations have never de-
sign'd for me,

Tachmas.

Sem. Ah me! where has my fortune left me now?
What unfrequented Coast am I thrown on,
Naked, and helpless, to be made a prey
To the next coming salvage of the field?
What Corner of the Earth will now afford
A grave Grave to take me in? what mountain hide
Me, and my woes for ever from the world?
Undone! thou most undone of woman kind!

[Falling down drops the Letter.

Here cry thy sorrows out, and let the winds

Whisper

Whisper thy story through the Universe,
That never list'ning Virgin be agen
Betray'd by the known perjuries of faithless men.
—My spirits faint—sure 'tis the hand of death
Knocks at my heart:—I go, I hope, to rest. [Sings away.]

Enter Seliman, Ismael, Arbaces.

Selim. What do I see? *Semanthe on the ground,*
Breathless, and pale!

Arb. Some signs of struggling life
Appear, call in her women to assist her.

Enter Women.

Isma. The train has taken fire; now the blow
Must follow soon.

Selim. Gently, gently raise her:
She breaths, she comes agen.

Sem. Bless me! where am I? in *Elizium* sure;
I know it by this train of weeping Maids,
Who died for Love, as I have done: stand off,
We'll walk, and tell sad stories round,
Of injur'd women, and betraying men:
But I must weep a while; the tears will flow
If I but think on *Strephons* cruelty:
—O! I wou'd sleep for ever.— { Sinks into her womans arms,
and is born off.

Selim. Bear her to her bed:
Rest may relieve her spirits.— Ha! this may
Unriddle all. [Finds the Letter.]

Isma. Now fortune play thy part.

Arb. 'Tis a design so full of mastery;
'Twere womanish to doubt of the success.

Selim. Ha! against my Life?

Isma. Your Majesty seems troubled; have you ought
Discover'd in that Letter?

Selim. Only this: **T**
That I have fester'd here within my breasts
A botanic Wolf, to lap my vital blood:
Here *Ismael*! read the foulest Treasons,
That ever stain'd the innocence of Paper.
Is then my mercy poison'd into sin?
And black ingratitude my punishment?
'Tis just, you Gods! this scourge upon my folly

The Loyal Brother, Or,

Shows infinite wisdom, and was timely sent
To warn me of my fate.

Isma. Yet sacred Sir—

Selim. Appear not in his cause, nor dare to reason
With my unalterable resolution:

Should mercy's self, with all her Virgin train,
Melt at my feet; by *Haly's* soul, 'twere vain.

Isma. What could provoke the Prince?

Selim. The Fiends can tell: but now 'tis busy time:

Sweat at the Anvil of thy brain, and forge

(Quick as the Cyclops arm an angry God)

A thousand deaths to wait upon my will:

Arbanes, thou secure him, till justice calls

Him out, a sacrifice to my revenge.

[Exit.]

Arb. After him:

Fix but his wavering temper to this point,

And then the day's our own.

[Exit Ismael.]

My fiery soul

Disdains the timorous safety in revenge,

Which *Ismael* pursues. My forward sword,

With resolution steel'd, shall guide me safe

Through the most desperate attempts.

Danger has been my Mistress; death I've met;

On martial Plains, in every garb of fate.

And shall he aw me now? since I am in,

And Fate works up the melancholy Scene,

Fall *Tachmas*, nature perish; all things lie

Confounded in deep Chaos, so that I

Revenge'd may in the common ruin lie.

[Exit.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Ismael, Arbanes, at several Entrances.

Isma. **T**hou meet'st my wishes; is the business done?

Arb. This Sun shall see it finish'd.

Isma. Give it o're; would we had never meddled.

Arb. Curse on thy fear, that undermines thy wit.

Isma. The *Sophy* does suspect us.

Arb. Danger then

Urges the Prince's death; for to defer

Will but give him time to recover his strength.

Betraies a conscious guilt, that may undo us :
He dies this minute, that the next may better
Advantage our escapes.

Isma. I've not thus long
March'd hand in hand with mischief, spent my daies
In Courts, forsworn my Conscience, studied all
The knotty arts, and rules of policy ;
Which wise men use to their own interests,
Not to provide me with a ready plank,
To bear me from the ruine, safe to shore.

Arb. Thou canst not here be safe ; my Commission
Allows a sure protection in the Army.

Isma. Ple steer a different course ; grow popular,
And into the City ;
Where Coblers square the Government to their Lasts,
And Tinkers patch the State ; some friends I've made
Already there, brave factious, gifted Rogues,
That Cant their Doctrine to their present wants,
And Zealously, upon a fit of Conscience,
Sin or Unsin Rebellion to the Croud :
These are the fittest instruments to gull
The easie people : hark, the Monster roars !
The Rable is assembled to my wish ;
This is the time, to work 'em.

[Shouts within

[Exit

Enter Semanthe.

Arb. Semanthe here ! then there is something still
For me to finish.

Sem. Why do I wander this wide barren waste,
Forsaken, and forlorn ? when a fair prospect
Of everlasting rest stands right in view ?
This load of wo, that bends me to the ground,
I can with Life put off ; yes I will rush
Into the arms of death, and shelter there ;
There sleep securely all my cares away ;
Nor shall the noise of Empire, or of Love,
Awaken me to wretchedness again.

Arb. Talk not of dying, Madam, Heaven looks down,
With a kind Eye upon your sufferings,
And has inspir'd me with a Tenderness,
May prove of service to you.

Sem. Is there then

A seat for pity left in humane breasts?
Or is this but a visionary beam,
Of comfort that thus lightens in my soul?
If it be so, oh! let me still dream on,

Arb. Madam, the Prince.

Sem. Ha! speak that yet again:
Sweet, as the Syrens Song, those accents fall,
And charm me to my ruine: tho' he has
Undone me ever; but to hear his name,
Awakes my dying spirits from the grave,
Dispels my grief, and charms me into joy.
Oh! then speak on,

Delude me from my miseries a while;
Tell me some story of my perjur'd Dear;
Tell me he lives, is happy, whilst I sigh
My spirits out in thanks, and die in peace.

Arb. Wou'd you not see him, Madam?

Sem. Oh in vain
I wept, intreated, followed on my knees:
For when I offer'd at a last Farewel,
Once more to see my still Lov'd, faithless *Tachmas*,
The *Sophy*, quite remorseless, fled the room;
And tho' I grasp'd him with the pangs of death,
Burst from my arms, and left me on the floor.

Arb. Yet, Madam, you shall see him; *Tachmas* is
Within my charge; and only I, without
The Kings command, can give you entrance to him:
Which you shall have,
Altho' my Life must answer it to the *Sophy*.

Sem. All, all the Gods reward this wondrous pity!
Oh lead me to that dear, protesting Creature;
That perfect Image of betraying man;
For he will swear, and talk such melting things,
Sigh such a trembling story of his Love,
Look such a soul of passion from his Eyes,
And all with such unpracticed innocence,
That shou'd the Sex of woman-kind stand by,
As Witnesses of my injurious usage,
And but to hear him talk, as I have done;
The coldest fure would venture her undoing.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE changes to a Street.

Enter a Rabble of Citizens.

1 *Cit.* **C**ome, Neighbours, hang these cheating Shop—
countenances, they are marks, the world knows
Cuckolds by; and tho they be of credit in the City, yet, let
me tell you, at this end o' th' Town, they strike no more awe
into the beholders, than a Watch mans Lanthorn, after day
break.

2 *Cit.* Ay, my Wife told me, I had a sneaking look, and cou'd
not huff my debtors: but now I'm charg'd with bottle Ale, to
rectifie the errors of my face: and let me see, what upstart
Rascal, newly come to office, shall overlook me; I'll strut, and
cock, and talk as big, as wind, and froth can make me—but I'll
home, while my courage lasts, ransack my shop—books, take
account of my debts, and arrest in a direct Line, from the Lord,
to the Footman.

1 *Cit.* Of that in season—but now we are assembled, let us
put on the gravity of authority, and seem, as we really are, the
true Judges of the Nation.

Omn. I a Judge! I a Judge!

3 *Cit.* A Tailor a Judge! that's fine I faith!

1 *Cit.* Why, I tell you, Neighbours, a cross Leg'd Tailor is the
very tipe of Justice; he measures offences by the Yard, and with
his sheers snaps off the Kingdoms vermin, I mean, those shreds,
those remnants, those patches of a commonwealth, call'd
Gamesters, Cuckold-makers, and disbanded Officers, that are good
for nothing, but to make our Wives run a madding for for-
eign Languages, brass Swords, superannuated Wigs, and grea-
zy Scarlet.

2 *Cit.* Humph! a Judge say you; very like: why, Neigh-
bours, he has serv'd upon Juries, off and on, these twenty years,
and the Devil's in't if he main't be free of Judges Hall by this
time:—but then as to us—ay, there's the question; how
we are—that is to say, how we may be?—why thus, there's
none here but has exercis'd the Arbitrary function of a beadle
in his respective Parish; and as I take it, that must be a foot
to the Chair of Government.

3 *Cit.* Ay, ay; we are all Judges, and Judges Children; in-
deed

deed I ever thought I was to be a great man, I was such a dull Rogue.

2 *Cit.* Well, I was once a Justice itinerant in my precincts, which in the Vulgar Translation is no more than a Constable: but 'twas a thriving time, Neighbours, a very thriving time: for the Parish bawds (besides all underdealers, as procurers, and retailers of pleasure) amount to—let me see—let me see, a parcel of—no, no, I'm out—'tis no matter for fractions; but bribes in abundance, to wink at copulation; I Pimp'd by Commission and drank brandy at the cost of the sinners.

3 *Cit.* Lord! I'm thinking how awkward, and slovenly I shall be in my new trappings for a day or to; Ha! and if there be occasion for speeches, my Tongue will certainly founder: my Wife spoil'd my Oratory, when she broke my pate, for being sawcy.

2 *Cit.* Better, and better still: few words promise a great deal of thinking, and that abundance of judicial understanding: Besides you see our City Justices, how they manage themselves upon the Bench: indeed a Nut crack, or some such conceited, Hyroglyphical Engine does well in the hand of a Magistrate, which having us'd a while, you strait grow Lethargick, nod o're the cause; then start in amazement, and condemn at a venture.

1 *Cit.* Ay, ay, ay; ever while you live, ever while you live observe that: for look you, there's no one but some time or other deserves hanging; and tho' the prisoner be not yet a Rogue, soft and fair, all in good time, he may be one: therefore I say once agen condemn for prevention.

3 *Cit.* Condemnation! He have nothing 'but condemnation' in my Court, 'twill clear the Kingdom of Idlers, and then we may farther our own Children.

2 *Cit.* Well, neighbour *Ralph*, I know you are a good Common-wealths man, and understand property, and priviledge, as a man may say; but Scholars, you know, are Infidels; still at their *quarrels* and their *quomodo's*, to show their Learning; therefore I being somewhat letter'd, or so, wou'd fain know how we are these great conceal'd persons, you talk of?

1 *Cit.* Why thus; when our betters are at variance, beyond the Arbitration of the bench, the suit is remov'd to the Court of Commonalty, and decided by the infallible knocks of black bill, and paring-shovel; then to what ever side we lean, that is sure to be weighty.

3 *Cit.* As if you had the cause in your false scales at home.

Ismael enters to 'em.

1 Cit. But observe, here comes an Ambassador already ; give him Audience, I say ; state Affairs I'll warrant you, Neighbours.

Isma. My worthy Country-men ! my fellow sufferers !
To you I come to weep this Kingdoms tears,
To sigh its groaning sorrows out, and pour
Into your ears its sad calamities :
You ! who, like kind Physicians, always are
Assisting with your utmost art, and care,
To search its wounds, and with a healing hand,
Unite its broken, and disjointed limbs.

1 Cit. Sure he takes me for a bone setter.

Isma. I am, like you, a *Persian* ; all your good
Proportionably mine, as are you ill ;
Our hopes, and lives tied in one common interest ;
Then wonder not that I stand forth, to head you,
Against this barbarous, inhumane King,
That grows in tyranny,
And like a Torrent from a Mountain's fall,
If not with speed diverted, will o'erwhelm us.

2 Cit. Now for Rebellion, I ne're Rebell'd in all my Life.

Omn. All for Rebellion, all for Rebellion.

Isma. If to defend your Lives, your Liberties,
Your Laws, your Customes, and your ancient dues,
Ee to rebel, then this is rank Rebellion :
But sure a just defence may hope a fairer name.

2 Cit. Name me no name, Sir ; it shall be nam'd Rebellion,
or nothing.

Omn. Rebellion or nothing, Rebellion or nothing.

Isma. Then be it so, methinks I see oppression
Beside your streets already, burning lust
Pursue your daughters to your inmost rooms,
While you stand weeping by, and cannot help 'em.
Your shops forc'd open, and your goods expos'd
To the wild rapine of licentious Soldiers,
That live on spoil ; and all without redress,
For justice is no more : speak, would you this ?

Omn. No, no ; we'r all for Rebellion.

Isma. 'Tis what you must expect, if not prevented.
Last night, O night never to be forgotten !

H

Tach-

Tachmas, that model of our ancient glory,
Tachmas, that fought your fields, and never thought
 His blood too rich, to buy his Countries peace,
 Was by the Tyrants order barbarously murder'd;
 Murder'd, my Country men! and when you hear
 The cause, I doubt not
 But as the story must provoke your tears,
 So they will stir you up to a revenge.

1 *Cit.* Alack-a-day! I vow he makes me weep, good gentleman!

Isma. 'Twas only this; he was too good, too virtuous,
 A Lover of his Country; therefore fell.
 He was your guard, your shield; but now is gone:
 He fell because he Lov'd you, and will you
 Not solemnize his funeral, in blood?
 Will you stand here, like statues, motionless,
 Weep o're his gaping wounds, and not revenge 'em?
 No, no; I see you only want a Leader;
 And here I offer both my life, and fortune,
 To farther the design.

1 *Cit.* Lead us on, lead us on; we'll fire the Palace, depose the Tyrant, and make you King.

2 *Cit.* Ay, ay; a King of our own making!

Isma. O! you mistake me; that is not my end.

2 *Cit.* No, 'tis the beginning of your Reign, and that's better.

1 *Cit.* We loose time, we loose time; now for a Coronation!

Omni. A Coronation! A Coronation! [*Exeunt shooting.*]

Tachmas in Prison.

Tach. I think, and therefore am: hard state of man!
 That proves his being with an Argument,
 That speaks him wretched. Birds in Cages lose
 The freedom of their natures unconfin'd;
 Yet they will sing, and bill, and murmur there
 As merrily, as they were on the Wing.
 But man, that reasoning favourite of Heaven,
 How can he bear it? Tho the body finds
 Respite from torment, yet the mind has none:
 For thousand restless thoughts, of different kinds,
 Beat thick upon the soul, some are comparing
 The present with the past, how happy once

the Persian Prince.

51

I was, and now how wretched : some presenting
My miseries by others happiness ;
Whilst others, falsely flattering me to Life,
Tell me my fortune ripens in the womb
Of time, and I shall yet be happy.

Enter Arbaces with Semanthe.

Arb. Madam, behold the Prince alone, and thoughtful.

Sem. Alas ! My Lord ! once I was thought a balm
For every wound of Fortune ; but I fear
My presence now will but torment him more.

Tach. Ha ! sure my fancy, revelling in a dream,
Presents that form before me : see, she comes,
Bright, as the Virgin blushes of the morn,
Rising upon the darkness of my fate,
And darts a day of comfort through my soul.
O my best Life ! thou dearest ! O *Semanthe* !
I swear, while I have thee within my arms,
I will not loose a thought on my misfortunes.
Let me unboosome all my longings here.

—She turns away ! what can this mean ? you Gods !
Art thou then alter'd too ? O speak *Semanthe* !
For tho' I thus behold thee cold, and chang'd,
Yet there is something whispers to my soul,
Thou never canst resolve on *Tachmas* ruin.

Sem. O heaven ! so tenderly he melts my heart,
I shall want power to tell him of his falsehoods.

Tach. Nay then by all the Gods, I know thee well :
No, thou art still the same ; those languishings,
Those eager looks, those sighs, and tears inform me,
More than a thousand tongues thou lovest me still.

Sem. Why is our Sex so easie to believe ?
And cozening man so artful to decieve ?

Tach. Why, my best Life ! why dost thou thus torment
Thy self, and me ? — *[She goes from him.]*

By all my hopes you must not leave me thus ;
I will pursue you ever with my prayers,
Summon you with the gentle call of Love,
Till you awake, and answer to my longings
My life ! my soul ! —

[following her:]

Sem. O ! I can hold no longer :
Thy tongue has softned me into desire,

H 2

And

And I am all o're Love : my dearest Lord !
 Let me for ever hide me in this bosome ;
 Here sigh the tenderest passion of my heart.
 The extasie comes on so fast upon me,
 That words are wanting to express my joy.

Tach. Good Gods! is't possible? hast thou at last
 My fair, offended Dear! resolv'd to bless me?
 Is it then true that thus I hold thee fast,
 Panting, and balmy to my bleeding heart?
 My reason ebbs, and mighty transport sways,
 In full dominion, every corner here,
 And I could rave for ever on my Love.

Sem. And I could hear you ever.

Arb. O! that I could run back into my youth,
 To ravish her before him: but 'tis past;
 And my revenge must lie another way.

[*aside.*

Tach. A thought returns upon my memory,
 That bids me chide; *Semantbe!* O my Life!
 How could'st thou see me rack'd with impatience?
 How couldst thou so dissemble with thy Love?
 Was it to try how I could bear it?

Sem. Ha!

Stand off, I know thee now, thou art that false
 Betraying, perjur'd man, that has undone me.

Tach. From thee, good Gods! do I hear this from thee?

Sem. Alas! my thoughts were all employed upon thee:
 My ears devour'd the musick of thy Love;
 My wrongs were silenc'd, and my eies were charm'd:
 And had you but continued the soft Scene;
 Had you still practic'd on my easiness,
 Tho with feign'd Love, flattering my womanish faith;
 Joy wou'd have done the business of my grief,
 And I had died contented in your arms.

Tach. What means my fate? where wou'dst thou drive my
 (thoughts?)

Sem. 'Tis true, I came to take my last farewell
 Of Life, and Love; of thee, and all my cares:
 To tell thee of thy falshoods, not upbraid thee;
 To sigh my story out without complaining;
 To suffer on, nor murmur at my fate,
 Since you decreed it; this was my fond resolve,
 Th' intention of this passionate, doting Fool:
 But now, O turn of temper! thy hard usage

Has

Has run me from my reason, I am wild,
Quite mad, distracted, and must rave a while:
Rave till I burst, and sink down dead with passion.

Tach. Alas! I find it now; thou art abus'd,
And I betray'd: some Villain has traduc'd
My constancy; but by the pangs of Love,
By all the torments of a bleeding heart,
I ever was most true, and still am thine.

Sem. O Prince! forbear; if *Sunamire* shou'd hear. —

Tach. Ha! Goes it there? then there is mischief yet:
That woman bears us most inveterate hate,
And shou'd not be believ'd against our selves.

Sem. But O! the Letter, Prince. —

Tach. Riddles! and doubts,

Arb. I have a friend my Lord! can best unfold 'em

Come forth, my Sister; time has recompenc'd
Our expectation with a full revenge. [Goes to the door.]

Enter Sunamire, and Osman disguis'd.

Sem. Revenge! alas! that fatal word too late
Explains my folly, and creates my fear.

Tach. What shou'dst thou fear, my Love? thy innocence
Will shield thee; and for me, the fear of death
Flew from me, when my happiness took wing.

Sun. Infuse the mortal drugs in the gilt bowls;
Be ready at my call.

[Exit. Osman.]

Arb. See where they stand,
Lull'd in the arms of Love, and far remov'd
From the apprehension of that fatal minute,
Comes posting to their ruin.

Sun. The thought was lucky,
With a pretended pity, to decoy
Semantbe to the snare.

Arb. To offer her
In the first draught, the Nectar of her Love;
Will make the gall of our revenge more bitter.
But see, they turn upon us.

Sun. Sure 'tis the error of my sense, that shows
Semantbe here, that poor, forsaken thing:
Alas! I pity thee: but blush to see
My Sexes fondness painted in those tears,

Lost on a man that scorns thee.

Sem. Why dost thou awaken me into despair?
Death is my wish, but I wou'd meet it here. [To Tachmas.

Sun. Nay now, my Lord!
I must become a pleader in this cause:
The fatal purple rises in her cheeks,
The Lillies wither, and the Roses fade;
Poor wretch! see, see she lingers for a look;
Do not torment the quiet of her death;
Speak kindly to her; bless her with a smile;
Nay I can see her take a farewell kiss,
Without a Rivalls fear.

Tach. Base cruel Woman!
But Oh! for my *Semantbe's* sake I will
Forbear to curse thee by that gentle name.
I know thou comest on mischief; but I charge thee,
If thou hast any part of thy soft Sex,
Working to vertue in thy hard'ned soul,
(Howe're the *Sophy*, and the Gods doom me)
Beware how thou design'st against my Love.

Sun. How Sir! so hard'ned in this cov'ning trade!
First you betray *Semantbe* to your scorn,
Then dare not justify your Love to me:
But Sir, the Letter speaks your falsehood plain.

Tach. What Letter? speak; if it be sent from Hell,
Thou art its chief Commissioner; inform me:
Say, hast thou mortgag'd thy last hope of heaven,
And in some fatal scroul, to take my Life,
Or what's yet worse, to ruine me with her,
Subscrib'd thy self a servant to the Furies?

Sun. Were I not satisfied that my revenge
Requires the secret from me, thou shoud'st still
Remain in ignorance: yes, I forg'd the Letter,
To raise her jealousy of you, in hopes
(A womans spirit working to revenge)
She might divulge your Treasons to the *Sophy*.

Tach. My Treasons!
Arb. Yes, against the *Sophy's* Life:
For nothing else cou'd put you in our power.

Tach. I thought the Line of my afflictions carried
But to the end of Life; but, thou hast found
A way to vex my quiet in the grave;
To sacrifice my fame to after times,

And

And blot my story with a Traitors stain.

Arb. I ow'd thee this, proud Prince, for this contempt,
And insolence; when, to the shame of arms,
My wounds, and blood forgot, *Tachmas* was nam'd,
To lead those Armies, I had bred in War.

Tach. I know my latest hour comes on apace;
And now to curse thee, were to rob my soul
Of this soft satisfaction in my death.
Oh! let me hold thee fast, my only Life!
Here languish out a farewell to our Loves;
Gaze on those heavenly Eyes,
That, through the Grove of death, must light me on
To the bright Mansions of their kindred stars.

Sun. So unconcern'd! the face of death will turn
This Scene of Love: appear thou Minister
Of Fate, come forth, and act thy tragick part. *Enter Otman with
four Bowls.*

Tach. What means this fatal pomp? all this for me?
Or to be yet more cruel, wou'd you load
My mounting spirit with your guilty souls;
And damn me with your company in death?

Sun. This is your bridal night; and we your guests,
Must wait upon the Ceremony:
But know, my Lord! the gilt bowls are prepar'd
Only for you, and your fair bride, for they
Are poison'd.

Tach. Ha! thou can'st not mean her death:
Or wou'dst thou in one Devilish act, outdo
The eldest damn'd in Hell? O! spare her Life,
And I will bless thee with my latest breath,
Nay, as I mount, report thee to the Gods,
And tell 'em thou art good.

Sem. My Lord! forbear
Solliciting, what granted, I refuse;
Life without you; By our immortal Loves
I am resolv'd on this. Alas! I swear
I think this hour our first happiness,
And to die thus together, is an earnest,
Sent from the Gods, of worlds of joy to come:

Sun. Yes Rival, thou shou'dst live, be forc'd to live,
But that the sight of thee for ever wou'd
Revive my shame, and lay his scorn before me?

Tach. Give me the fatal bowls: and now, *Semantides*

Since

Trembling, and fainting in the arms of fear:
Now strike, whilst nobly thus I conquer here.

[Dies

*Enter Seliman, Begona, attendants, Ismael bound,
and guarded.*

Selim. He lives, he lives, you Gods!
Once more, with all the dearness of a brother,
I fall upon thy breast, the haven, where
My beaten mind rides safe, secure from restless
Passions, which, like tempests on the main,
Drive reason from the guidance of our lives,
And leave us shipwreck'd on a barbarous Coast.

Beg. I see, my son, the hands of Heaven, and Fate,
Have been employ'd in thy deliverance.

But say, my *Tachmas*! speak the wondrous course,
That Heaven pursu'd to rescue thee from death.

Tach. That best my lifes preserver here can tell.

[To *Osman.*

Selim. Thy habit speaks a slave: yet in thy face
Something appears familiar to my Eyes,
That I have often seen; but when, and where,
My memory has lost.

Osman. Great Sir, I have been honour'd in your service;
Your Soldier from my youth; *Osman* my name,
Which you, Sir, must remember, since your favours
Distinguish'd it first from the crowd.

[To *Tachmas.*

Tach. My friend!

My *Osman* here! then Heaven has sent the sword,
And shield of all the War. O royal Sir!

Let me present a Captain to your knowledge,

Worthy that noble Title.

[*Osman kneels to Seliman.*

Selim. Rise to our favour: the particulars
How thou cam'st here disguis'd, and by what means
Thy faith and gratitude have work'd their ends,
A happier hour will claim. Remove these bodices;
And for that slave, such matchless Villanies
He has confess'd, as mercy cannot pardon:
Bear him to death, away with him.

Isma. I go; but first I make this hearty wish:
May lame ambition (for the publick good,
Halting upon the crutches of the crowd)
Still fall:

May Treason ever need the peoples swords,

The Loyal Brother Or,

And may they valliantly compound for words;
And last, may all disturbers of the state,
Grow blindly popular, and meet my fate.

[*It led off.*]

Selim. Vertue shines out agen in its full blaze:
And now not to reward thy sufferings,
Wou'd speak me accessary to those crimes.
My ignorance committed: therefore here
I give *Semante* to thy longing Love:
Take her, and wear her ever in thy heart:
Whilst I collected in my temper stand,
And may succeeding Monarchs learn from me,
How far to trust a Statesmans policy.

R I N I S.

EPI:

THE EPILOGUE.

A Virgin Poet was serv'd up to day;
 Who till this hour, we're cackled for a Play:
 He's neither yet a Whigg nor Tory-Boy;
 But, like a Girl, whom several wou'd enjoy,
 Begs leave to make the best of his own natural Toy.
 Were I to play my callow Author's game,
 The King's House wou'd instruct me, by the Name:
 There's Loyalty to one: I wish no more:
 A Commonwealth sounds like a common Whore.
 Let Husband or Gallant be what they will,
 One part of Woman is true. Tory still.
 If any factious spirit should rebell,
 Our Sex, with ease, can every rising quell.
 Then, as you hope we shou'd your failings hide,
 An honest Jury for our play provide:
 Whiggs at their Poets never take offence;
 They save dull Culprits who have Murther'd Sense:
 Tho Nonsense is a nauseous heavy Mass,
 The Vehicle call'd faction makes it pass.
 Faction in Play's the Commonwealths man's bribe:
 The leaden farthing of the Canting Tribe:
 Though void in payment Laws and Statutes make it,
 The Neighbourhood, that knows the Man, will take it.
 'Tis Faction buys the Votes of half the Pit;
 Their's is the Pension-Parliament of wit.
 In City-Clubs their venom let 'em vent;

For there 'tis safe, in its own Element:
Here, where their madness can have no pretence,
Let 'em forget themselves, an hour in sense.
In one poor Isle, why shou'd two Factions be?
Small difference in your Vices I can see;
In Drink and Drabs both sides too well agree.
Wou'd there were more Preferments in the Land:
If Places fell, the party could not stand.
Of this dam'd grievance every Whigg complains;
They grunt like Hogs, till they have got their Grains.
Mean time you see what Trade our Plots advance,
We send each year good Money into France:
And they, that know what Merchandise we need,
Send o're true Protestants, to mend our breed.

FINIS